The Outlook

JULY 17, 1918

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THE FOURTH OF JULY AN INTERNATIONAL DAY

"Born in Germany; Made in America," "Uncle Sam the Best Uncle." These sentiments on two banners called forth special applause on the Fourth of July in the New York City procession, not only because of their pith, but in especial because they were respectively and significantly from Americans whose origin was Germany and Finland.

The procession took from 8:30 A.M. to 7 P.M. to pass. It was the longest parade the metropolis ever saw. No less than forty-two nations were represented. As the paraders reached the grand stand they were greeted by a megaphone voice; for instance, when the Irish passed, it was heartening to know, despite Sinn Fein, that these wearers of the green "will plant our shamrocks behind the Rhine, says Kelly and Burke and Shea." Above the procession sailed twenty-two airplanes, the largest display of air power the city has seen.

In other American cities the celebration had also special point—for example, in San Francisco Mr. Charles M. Schwab, Director-General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, who had journeyed across the continent for the occasion, told his auditors, in characteristic phrase:

> The credit for winning this war will be shared equally by the workmen of America and the fighters of America. . . . Put punch in your work and we'll put over the programme. If you stand up to your job, we'll make the Kaiser take his medicine lying down.

Most impressive of all were the country and small town celebrations, which, as never before, took the character especially of community picnics, while the speaking was more than ever serious and forceful, far removed from the usual Fourth of July buncombe and spread-eagle sort.

England's celebration has given the Fourth of July of this year a unique distinction. Forceful oratory was to the fore in London, where, after special services in the churches, distinguished leaders spoke to a great gathering in Central Hall, across the street from Westminster Abbey, in which "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" had been sung and "The Star-Spangled Banner" played. One of the speakers was Lord Bryce, and his words deserve wide reading:

> For many a year to-day was celebrated in the United States with hostility and defiance. By us in Britain it was remembered with sorrow as marking the severance of precious ties. And now, after 142 years, it is being celebrated by both peoples with like enthusiasm. . . . What has been a day of anger on one side and grief on the other has become for both a day of affection and rejoicing. . . . The bitterness of 1776 never could have arisen had the will of the British people ruled then as it rules to-day. The severance came because we had then a perverse Court and a non-representative Parliament. . . . When America saw every principle of right overridden, . . . duty called on her to save the world, and she answered the call of duty. . . .
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> This spirit, this zeal to serve the cause of right, . . . this has brought Great Britain and America closer than ever they were under one government before that far-off day of independence which we are celebrating here.

The most distinctively American feature of the London celebration was the baseball game between the American Army and Navy teams. The King himself opened it, and actually got the ball near enough the plate for the catcher to put his hand on it—a feat not always accomplished by the eminent citizens who essay the same task in opening games here. At Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Bristol, Queenstown, and elsewhere in the United Kingdom there were enthusiastic celebrations; also in France at Brest, Cherbourg, Havre, Toulouse, and particularly in the villages where Americans are quartered and where General Foch's words in his Fourth of July despatch to General Pershing were keenly realized: "It is for independence we are fighting. With all our hearts we celebrate with you the anniversary of Independence Day." The whole country was aflutter with the Stars and Stripes. Schools were closed. Business was at a standstill. France had another national fête day.

But it was in Paris that a remarkable event occurred. For the first time since the United States became a nation a British Ambassador (Lord Derby) attended a Fourth of July commemoration. The Ambassador declared:

> Even if we had not been allies I should have come. . . . I say now that I wish to thank America for the best licking we ever got. It has done us both a lot of good. We are grateful to you because that licking taught us how to treat our children; it is the reason why we now have Australia and Canada, and even South Africa, fighting beside us to-day.

On the Fourth of July, as an especial mark of esteem for America, Paris, Brest, Lyons, and Ancona, in Italy, named streets and squares after President Wilson, and Florence gave him the freedom of the city.

In South America the day was celebrated in unprecedented manner. The Governments of Brazil, Peru, and Uruguay declared the day a national holiday. The Argentine Government gave special permission for the display of the American flag, and a despatch from the Argentine capital informs us that "there were more American flags in the business district of Buenos Aires to-day than are usually seen in American cities in peace times on the Fourth of July." Moreover, President Irigoyen actually declared that "Argentina's sympathetic approval had followed the United States step by step, with indorsement of our course and aims." This seems too good to be true. Similar good news of South American sympathy with the Unites States' side in the war comes from Santiago in a despatch which says that all the provinces of Chile observed the Fourth of July with enthusiasm, and that Chilean newspapers "applauded the words of President Wilson in expressing the vows of his Nation to continue the war until victory is achieved."

THE SPLASH THAT WENT ROUND THE WORLD

But the outstanding feature of the Fourth in its relation to the war was the launching from our ocean and lake ports of no less then ninety-five ships with a splash which, in the words of Mr. Hurley, Chairman of the Federal Shipping Board, "will be heard round the world" and "will douse the Kaiser."

These were 53 wooden and 42 steel vessels, of a total of over 474,000 dead-weight tons, a figure exceeding the tonnage lost in American shipping since the war began by about 122,000.

Moreover, "We are launching to-day more than the Germans sank of the ships of all nations in the last month for which we have the official figures," asserted Secretary of the Navy Daniels in his Fourth of July address. The total tonnage of American ships lost prior to the entry of the United States into the war, he added, was nearly 68,000 tons, and since the entry of the United States into the war 284,000, or a total of 352,000 tons sunk during the whole period of the war. Of the gross tonnage of merchant ships built in the United States since the commencement of the war much more than half has been built since the entry of the United States into the war. In addition to the tonnage thus built, there is the German and Austrian shipping taken over and the tonnage acquired in Dutch, Japanese, and other vessels.

When the first commerce ship was sunk off our shores last month, the "Mannheimer General Anzeiger" declared that "the French place their only hope for victory in America. Our submarines are delivering a decisive blow to the French hopes

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in checking the transportation of American soldiers and supplies." The "checking" resulted, as Secretary Daniels proudly concluded, in carrying nearly a quarter of a million soldiers to France since the first submarine was seen on this side of the Atlantic this year. Since last Independence Day a million men have been transported to France. Only two vessels carrying American troops abroad, the Tuscania and the Moldavia, have been torpedoed. Not one American transport bound for France has been sunk and not one soldier on our transports on the way to France lost by enemy action. As to the transport of supplies, the Fourth of July "splash" is also a sufficient rejoinder.

SHALL RUSSIA BE FREE OR GERMAN?

It ought not to take America long to see that the Russians who hate Germany are the Russians who also hate the Bolsheviki, while, conversely, the Bolsheviki misrule, whether purposely or not, aids German dominance. The Supreme War Council of the Allies at Versailles has already reached this conclusion. It is reported, without contradiction, that the nations represented in the Council are, with the exception of the United States, in favor of giving armed support to Siberia in its attempt to free itself from the Bolsheviki and the Red Guards. Japan is unwilling to move in this direction without the consent and aid of all the principal Allies.

The furthest advance by our Administration, so far as is known at this time of writing, is a plan to place a force of American troops in Siberia in conjunction with those of our allies, but with the ostensible purpose of serving as an escort and guard to an economic and industrial commission. President Wilson may very probably have addressed Congress on this subject before these words are read. The point which seems to make him reluctant to join in a military movement with our allies to free Siberia and establish an eastern front in the war seems to be the feeling that because Lenine and Trotsky are in possession of the capital they and their followers must be accepted as a genuine Russian Government, standing for the Russian people.

Every day brings evidence that this is not so. The assassination of Count von Mirbach, the German Ambassador to Russia, was not an individual murder, but a political murder. It was the deed of a band of Russian Social Revolutionists. The revolt against the Bolsheviki thus started may have been wiped out in blood, as Trotsky declares; but it is significant in two ways. In the first place, it shows that the Bolsheviki are trembling on the verge of overthrow; in the second place, it shows that one large section of Russian radicals is bitterly anti-Bolshevik. The Social Revolutionist party is largely made up of workmen, who have been supposed to be the standby of the Bolsheviki. If the Social Revolutionists are opposed to Lenine and Trotsky, how much more are the Social Democrats, the Constitutional Democrats, and other political factions by no means of a reactionary character. It is well known that the Bolshevik Soviets do not to any extent represent the peasants, and even as now constituted the hold of these Soviets over workmen and soldiers is diminishing.

If, as a consequence of the assassination of Count von Mirbach, Germany attacks Moscow or Petrograd, as is quite probable, the partial German dominance over old Russia will become complete, and all the anti-German forces in Russia will mass and form against Germany. There will result a return to the Allied strength and so great a growth of hostility to Germany that judicious help and military aid on the part of the Allies may easily make Russia once more a military obstacle to Germany of serious proportions.

The hostility to the Bolsheviki is making itself felt in most distant parts of Russia. Thus, far in the north on the borders of the White Sea and the Arctic Ocean, on the Kola Peninsula, American, French, and British marines have been landed and provisions from this country have been sent to the town of Murmansk. The reason is the danger to the enormous stores and munitions in the supply bases there and at Archangel, the great port of the White Sea. Finland, it is reported, has sent a body of its White Guards, in which march many German soldiers, with the intent of seizing these enormous military supplies, many millions of dollars' worth of which came from America. It is rumored also that Finland has become so subjected to German influence that the White Guard Government now in power is likely to declare war against the Allies. The people of the Peninsula will fight Finns, Germans, and Bolsheviki if they are helped. Here, then, far up in the north, is one important center of Allied activity which is directed against Germany and must also oppose Lenine's Red Guards.

If we turn from Moscow to the east, and go twenty-five hundred miles, we find an anti-Bolshevik force in or near the great Siberian city of Irkutsk. Going still eastward for fifteen hundred miles, we find an anti-Bolshevik force at Vladivostok. These forces and others in Siberia are those of the Czechoslavs, originally, for the most part, haters of Germany, forced into the Austrian ranks, taken prisoners by the Russians, released after Russia left the war. A marvelous story will some time be written of the march of these forces northward to the Siberian Railway, and then of thousands of them eastward on the railway to Vladisvostok. There they have put down bloodshed by Red Guard forces, have been received amicably by the Russians of eastern Siberia, and are holding the city itself. Marines from the ships of the Allies have joined them in keeping order.

Practically, Siberia is independent to-day, and it will stay so if the Allies give it support. As an independent country it may be for us a new ally of real consequence. It may thus offset, or even more than offset, German possession of the Ukraine under the pretext that it is independent. The Ukrainian peasants' revolt, in which it is asserted that two hundred thousand men are taking part, is also a threat which may help draw off the German forces from the western line.

Our Administration would do well to recognize the new light which is rising in the East—the light of Siberian independence. One of the most influential public men of France, Joseph Reinach, in an interview with the well-known newspaper correspondent John F. Bass, said recently:

> Germany would win the war if she were allowed to fasten her hold on Russia. So long as Germany has no fear in the east you and we [France] will bear the burden of all her armies on our front. Germany has immense securities in our northern provinces, parts of Italy and Belgium, Serbia, Rumania, and a third of Occidental Russia. Except for Jerusalem, Bagdad, and the German colonies, we have none. We must have Siberia for security. If we do not take it with the aid of the Japanese, Germany will have very soon a Mittel-Asien (Middle Asia) as well as a Mittel-Europa.

THE WAR IN THE WEST

There has been during the week ending July 9 no military movement on a large scale on the western front. There are two surmises as to the next German move now advanced by military observers. One is that the German forces are on the eve of another heavy drive (or possibly two simultaneous drives) on some selected section of the western front, but whether this would be across the Marne and toward Paris, or against Compiègne, or in the general direction of Amiens, or in Flanders, is impossible of determination in advance. In all sections undoubtedly General Foch is now prepared to meet the blow, as was shown by the failure of the drive toward Compiègne. Another quite probable impending offensive is on the Italian front. Some time ago it was announced in German despatches in a casual sort of way that General von Below, one of the most forceful of German leaders, had been put in charge of the entire military situation on the Austro-Italian line. Later despatches from Italy stated that two whole German army corps have been moved to the Austrian front. Here, too, there is every indication that the Italian troops under General Diaz are ready to meet the enemy. In the interval since the recent attempt to break the Italian lines, which ended so disastrously for the Austrians, the Italians have moved forward in several places, have driven the last Austrians over the Piave River, and have established themselves more strongly than they were before the attack.

Nothing has so stirred American spirit and confirmed the belief in American soldiers' courage and spirit as the attack by three American regiments of Regulars in conjunction with a larger number of Australian troops upon the village of Hamel.

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That place and others were gained, large numbers of prisoners were taken, and the Australian soldiers and officers are reported to be delighted with the courage and coolness of their American comrades. Shortly before another American force captured and held the village of Vaux and practically annihilated a German regiment. In other raids and attacks, and especially in the Château Thierry district, our soldiers have uniformly held their own, and more than that. The French, on July 9, made an attack between Montdidier and the Oise. They gained a mile in depth at some points and took many prisoners.

The announcement, just before the Fourth of July, of the Secretary of War, that more than a million American soldiers (to be exact, 1,019,115) had sailed from American ports up to July 1 was none the less enthusiastically received because it was already pretty well known. The record for the month of June alone was 276,372—an extraordinary gain as compared, say, with the figures for last November (the seventh month after we entered the war), namely, 23,016. Later the almost equally interesting news was given out that over 800,000 of the force abroad are combat troops—that is, troops ready to engage in actual fighting. General Pershing had under his command on the actual fighting line at last accounts 251,000 men, not, of course, counting the men in training camps. The United States now has two and one-half million men in uniform, and will probably have four million at the end of the year. These last figures were given to a Committee of Congress by General R. E. Wood, Acting Quartermaster-General.

In a speech made by the British Prime Minister to a body of American troops on July 5 Mr. Lloyd George paid high tribute to our soldiers who carried the American flag and "carried it high" before Château Thierry. He added: "President Wilson yesterday made it clear what we are fighting for. If the Kaiser and his advisers will accept the conditions voiced by the President, they can have peace with America, peace with France, peace with Great Britain, to-morrow. But he has given no indication of an intention to do so. Because he will not do so is the very reason we are all fighting."

NURSES NEEDED

There must be a reserve of nurses as well as of soldiers. The Surgeon-General of the United States, in co-operation with the National Defense Board and the Red Cross, has therefore urgently called upon the women of the country to enroll themselves to the number of twenty-five thousand in what is to be called the United States Student Nurse Reserve. The enrollment begins on July 29, and these volunteers will hold themselves in readiness up to April 1, 1919, to be assigned to training schools in civilian hospitals or to the Army nursing schools. In either case they will take a thorough training course, and eventually, as fully trained nurses, will be available for work in the hospitals abroad or for work in Army or civilian hospitals at home. In both these fields of humane labor the need is very great, and especially is it so at home, because of the movement of trained nurses abroad.

The policy of our Government does not admit the use of women nurses' aids in our hospitals abroad; only fully trained and certified women nurses are employed. There has been some questioning as to this policy. Miss Elizabeth Fraser, in an extremely interesting article in the "Saturday Evening Post" called "Where the Army and Red Cross Meet," states that women nurses' aids are employed in the French and British hospitals; that some of the doctors in our hospitals declared to her that the work of nurses' aids was better done by women than by men, and more humanizing in its influence; and that many of the men who are acting as nurses are disappointed because in order to get over quickly they enlisted in the Medical Corps, with the expectation that they would be able to change to more active service, for which many of them are eminently physically fitted. There has also been some criticism of the ruling that American women who have relatives in the Army should not be accepted as nurses to go abroad, because it was felt that they would be so anxious to get in touch with those relatives that it might interfere with the work; recently, we understand, the ruling has been modified so as to allow women who have brothers, but not those who have sons or fiancés, to go. At all events, as the matter stands, the field for nurses' aids is in this country, and it is through that training that the army of thoroughly equipped nurses must be obtained.

To assist in meeting this urgent situation the Federal Government, for the first time in our history, is establishing training schools for pupil nurses at the base hospitals. These schools are under the control of the General Medical Board of the Council of National Defense. Applicants must be between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five. A full high school course or its equivalent must be offered. College graduates are desired, and are given a credit of nine months (an academic year) on the three years' course. Young women who have had two or more years of college or a scientific course in an approved technical school are credited with three or more months. Other things being equal, special consideration will be given to those who have taken the course in elementary hygiene and home nursing under the auspices of the American Red Cross. The Army nursing schools are only able to provide experience in surgical cases, in communicable diseases, and in nervous and mental disorders. Therefore the Committee on Nursing of the General Medical Board has arranged for an exchange system with our civilian hospitals throughout the country by which nurses from the military schools may be sent to such affiliated hospitals for experience and instruction in the diseases of women and children and in public health nursing while students from the civil hospitals are being given experience in military service. The General Medical Board is thus able to offer a full three years' course leading to a diploma.

It has also been arranged that the Federal Committee on Nursing shall act as a clearing-house for civilian hospitals and applicants. As not all applicants will be found eligible for the Army nursing schools, it is hoped that volunteers for this service will enroll as willing to go anywhere needed. By doing this they will show the highest form of patriotism. In factories, public health departments, and schools, as well as in homes, the trained nurse is an important, an essential, factor. The first action of the Committee, therefore, was the devising of a policy for building up the existing schools of nursing in order to quickly make good the drain on our resources due to the great increase in the size of the Army. Information and advice as to nursing schools will be given on application to the Committee on Nursing of the Council of National Defense, Washington, D. C., of which Miss Ella Phillipps Crandall is secretary.

"This is no war for amateurs," is the decree of President Wilson. This is also no country for untrained, non-working women just now. The nursing organization is complete, but it must have new material.

THE NON-PARTISAN LEAGUE IN NORTH DAKOTA

Although some of the organizers and leaders of the Non-Partisan League are under indictment for disloyal utterances, the success of Governor Frazier, the candidate of the League, in the Republican primaries in North Dakota is not an indication that the farmers of North Dakota are not loyal to the Nation and its cause. It simply indicates that the farmers of that State, who supported Governor Frazier for renomination, have not yet fully understood all the issues. As the Grand Forks "Herald" of June 26, primary day, said editorially: "To-day's primary will not be a test of the loyalty of North Dakota. It will, however, indicate whether or not the people of the State, and especially the farmers, have yet reached a true conception of the character of the men who have been successful in obtaining the acceptance of their leadership by a large number of our people."

A reader in North Dakota has sent us the account of a speech made in the campaign by A. C. Townley, President of the Non-Partisan League. In this he referred to the business men as "leeches" and "bedbugs" and "skunks." This speech is characteristic of much of the spirit of the movement. That it has tended to promote class prejudice, or "class consciousness," as the Socialists call it, is not to be denied. So pronounced is the Bolshevik temper of the League in some quarters that some of its members have stated, as reported by a member pronounced to be in good standing by no less a person than the President, that they would just as soon live under the rule of the Kaiser

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as under Wall Street. Loose talk of this kind about the *bourgeoisie* in Russia has been encouraged by the Bolsheviki to Russia's undoing. This sort of thing bodes no good to a free people. But it is wrong to imagine that the farming people of the Northwest are not stalwart Americans.

It is unfortunate that necessary social progress, and particularly the needed advancement of the farmers, cannot apparently be made without the injection of the spirit of disunion. The Nation has been experiencing the great power that comes from unity; and any region that has not grown in the unity of its people during this past year has been at a disadvantage. The greatest indictment against the Non-Partisan League is that at this time of National and international peril, when the Nation needs the united action of all its people, the tendency of the leaders of the League has been to stir class antagonism.

So far, however, we have seen no evidence that the Non-Partisan League has shown the temper displayed in the crude and impious verses produced as evidence in the trial of the I. W. W. leaders and reprinted in the special correspondence on another page. The disloyalty expressed in these verses is directed, not merely against the Nation and its soldiers, not merely against the cause for which the Nation is fighting, but against the family, against religion, against faith in chivalry and honor, against all the spiritual resources of mankind.

JOHN PURROY MITCHEL

Three days were set aside by the city of New York last week to honor and reverence the memory of its former Mayor, John Purroy Mitchel. Assuredly no honors, civic or military, could be too great to express the feeling of affection and respect with which the people of the city and country regard the brilliant and public-spirited man who was both the youngest and, in the opinion of many, the best Mayor that New York ever had.

Integrity, patriotism, energy—not even a political detractor could deny that these were the salient traits of John Mitchel's public character. Few will forget the vigor and eloquence of his proclamation issued after the country's entry into war. It was typical of his spirit and purpose. When by a shifting of political currents the fickle city forgot at the polls Mitchel's practical and unselfish administrative service, and forgot also the dangers of a Tammany machine government, he lost no minute in offering himself to the Nation. His one thought was to go to the front and to fight for America. His eagerness to learn the fascinating details of aviation work, together with his personal intrepidity, may even have led him to push forward too fast and hard and to take chances which were beyond his skill. He died as he had lived, doing his best to help his fellow-countrymen.

Although Major Mitchel was thirty-nine years old at the time of his death, and had been before the public many years, the most common exclamation when the news of the accident at Gerstner Field, in Louisiana, became known was: "That fine young man!" He was always and to the end the embodiment of youthful activity, cheerfulness, and personal charm. He was a descendant of the famous Irish patriot John Mitchel, and inherited fighting blood.

Mr. Mitchel's public career began under Mayor McClellan's administration and as a special investigator of certain charges of municipal wrong-doing. His ability here led to his appointment as Commissioner of Accounts, and from that time on (except for a term as Collector of the Port of New York) all his activities were for the city. In 1909 he became Borough President of Manhattan, and in 1910, when Mayor Gaynor was shot, he became Acting Mayor, and made a splendid record in fighting crime and vice, notably at Coney Island. He was elected Mayor in 1914, but previously added to his civic services by his vigor as President of the Board of Aldermen. His stand for city-owned subways, his efforts to bring about a workable solution of the "Death Avenue" railway nuisance, and his faithful and expert work on the Board of Estimate to secure efficient, honest administration of the city's finances will not be soon forgotten. Nor will the fine and probably unequaled record of the Police Department under his appointee, Commissioner Woods.

From the many tributes of admiration offered by public men of distinction we may quote that of his former associate, Mr. George McAneny:

> His loss is typical of the sort of sacrifice that we must make in increasing measure as the war goes on. We must give unstintingly of our best, and of our best he certainly was. He was always a public servant, and, I think, always would have been....
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> His part as Mayor of New York none who know the city and its needs can ever forget. His administration laid a foundation upon which, no matter how slowly, much of the future greatness and well-being of the city will be built. He was a master of municipal affairs—far-seeing, fearless of purpose, and brilliantly able.

We are glad to quote also this resolution, adopted by the National Security League, of which Mr. Mitchel was always a sympathetic supporter:

> The National Security League, representing a membership extending throughout the Union, enters upon its minutes the following resolution of respect and sorrow at the death of our friend and member, Major John Purroy Mitchel—
>
> *Resolved*, That the National Security League records its tribute of esteem and admiration for the character of John Purroy Mitchel and our deep grief at his untimely death. He set an example of whole-souled and unselfish devotion to the ideals of good citizenship and to love of country. As Mayor of the City of New York he set a new standard of municipal administration, and his own qualities of loyalty and high-minded patriotism drew to him men of the greatest ability and character to serve the city under his leadership. His reception of the various Missions to the United States was one of the brightest pages in his life. His addresses were eloquent and inspiring and worthily represent the city and Nation.
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> His services to the city were accompanied by his services to the country. While acting as Mayor he was the leader at the meeting of the National Defense Conference of Mayors held in St. Louis under the auspices of this League, and at the National Security League Congress held in Washington in 1916 his emphatic declaration in favor of universal military training attracted National attention. He was among the first to recognize our National peril from German aggression and to urge and lead the policy to defend ourselves. His entrance into the Plattsburg Camp was a stimulating example to the youth of the country.
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> The devotion and ability he displayed in his career of service to the city was crowned by his courageous service as a soldier to the Republic and by the patriotic sacrifice of his life for the flag. His life and his death alike give a shining example to American manhood of true citizenship and allegiance to its obligations.

THE CORN-FIELD LAWYER

When one speaks of American aristocracy, one thinks involuntarily of Massachusetts, Virginia, and South Carolina. In the last-named State both social and political aristocracy have held peculiar sway. All the more noteworthy, then, anything that might interrupt or end the political sway.

In 1885 something did. That something was Benjamin Ryan Tillman, who has just died. His family, as American families go, was ancient enough. He was born seventy-one years ago on a ten-thousand-acre homestead which had been in his family's possession for over a century and a quarter. He went to a neighboring academy to prepare for college, but he never went further than this academy. Instead, he went into the Confederate army.

After the war he followed farming as his sole pursuit until 1885. He was fond of speaking of himself as a "corn-field lawyer." While he was not a lawyer, he had applied himself with great assiduity to study, reading especially from books of history and law. It seems strange to think of a man of his manner as a student, and yet Senator Tillman was one of the best-read men in Congress.

His path to Congress began in 1885 at a farmers' convention. Tillman was invited to speak. It was his first speech; but it was "Tillmanesque." South Carolina had never before been startled in just this way.

Tillman followed up this speech by a bitter attack on the State Government, then in the hands of the regular Democratic organization. He secured no substantial following until 1889, when, to his delight, the Legislature was elected practically on his own platform of reform.

South Carolina was now divided into Tillmanites and anti-

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Cassel in the Milwaukee Sentinel

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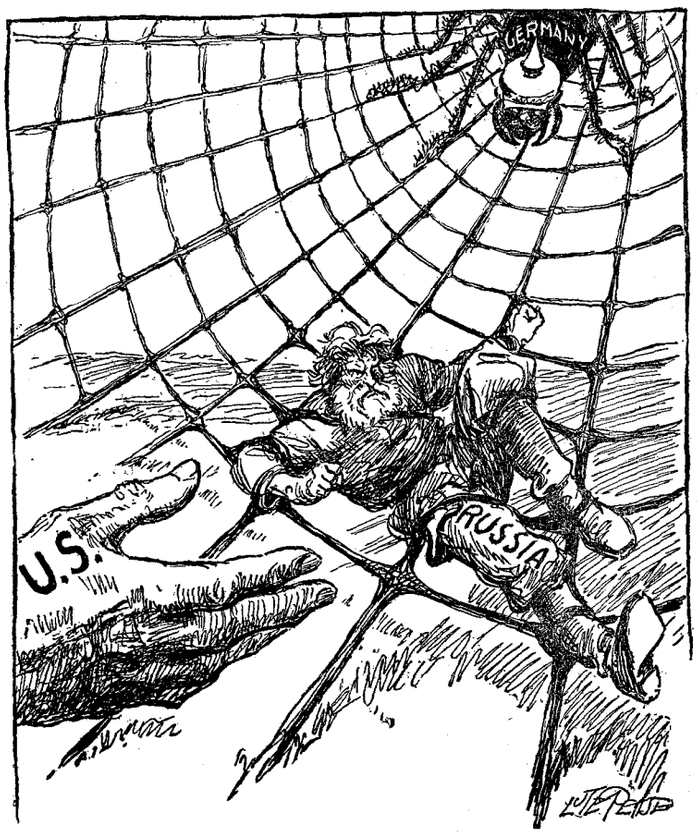
MENDED!

Pease in the Newark Evening News



A HAND TO HELP IN TIME OF NEED

Bronstrup in the San Francisco Chronicle

ANOTHER GERMAN GAS ATTACK

Buchanan in the Passing Show (London)

THE LOST SHEEP

"I say, mate, I s'pose yer don't 'appen to 'ave seen a battalion knockin' about 'ere short 'o one man, do yer?"

Lewin in the Passing Show (London)

THE USES OF ADVERSITY

Phœbe (from Duddington House, Park Lane): "The Duchess of Duddington sends her compliments, and will you kindly allow this saucepan to be put on your fire, as she's run out of coal, and the *chef* is afraid to use any more gas?"

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Tillmanites. The Tillmanites won and became virtually a brand-new Democratic party in the State. Its natural nominee for Governor was Tillman himself.

The "corn-field lawyer" carried on a raw, self-advertising campaign. He drove from place to place in a farm wagon, which was decorated with sheaves of grain, cotton stalks, corn tassels, and pea vines. Often the horses were taken out of the wagon and it was drawn by a hundred or more farmers. Tillman was elected. And two years later, so effective had his Governorship been, that he was re-elected without opposition. He further emphasized his reform administration and easily secured election to the United States Senate. He was to remain there twenty-four years.

As may be fancied, his career at the capital was a stormy one. There was little love for him among the Senators of either party. Whatever the effect of his abrupt and startling methods in the rural districts of his native State may have been, the Senate chamber was hardly the place for his violent utterances, sometimes hardly removed from insult. He paid no attention to the proprieties. Men will not soon forget the debate of 1902, when Tillman charged that his colleague McLaurin had given his vote to ratify the peace treaty with Spain in return for the gift of the patronage of his State. When McLaurin replied that this was a "willful, deliberate, and malicious lie," Tillman at once leaped over the intervening desks and struck McLaurin. McLaurin struck back, and several blows were exchanged before the men could be separated. The Senate, in executive session, immediately afterwards unanimously voted both Senators in contempt. In open session both Senators made apologies to the Senate.

Tillman's attack also brought upon him the withdrawal of an invitation to the White House. In retort, Tillman defeated President Roosevelt's nomination of Dr. Crum, a Negro, as Collector of the Port at Charleston, South Carolina, and later, in further retaliation, Tillman, as usual quick to profit by the Negro issue, opposed the dismissal of Negro soldiers for cause.

With a previous President Tillman also had a picturesque connection, and it was due to this that the sobriquet of "Pitchfork Ben" came to him. It was because he declared in a controversy over the tariff that he would like to jab his old pitchfork into President Cleveland's side.

The debasing lengths to which some politicians have gone, between whom and Tillman we have been too apt not to make much distinction, were not reached by him, for he was fundamentally, ruggedly honest. Radical and rough as he was on the outside, those who did not know him did not dream that here was one of correct personal habits and a very domestic man of quiet tastes. But they had to recognize his independence and his fidelity to principle. When he originated the dispensary system of selling liquor under State control in South Carolina, he was laughed at. But that made no difference. When as Chairman of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee he became an ardent advocate of a big navy, the pacifists laughed at him. But that made no difference.

The man whose words were once a terror to timid folk came to speak the words of soberness. For instance, in his speech two years ago in answer to a statement that the South dominated the affairs of the Nation, he said: "The country belongs to us all and we all belong to it. The men of the North, South, East, and West carved it out of the wilderness and made it great. . . . Let us share it with each other then, and conserve it, giving to it the best that is in us of brain and brawn and heart."

WASHINGTON GLADDEN

Dr. Washington Gladden died at his home at Columbus, Ohio, in the first week of July. For nearly half a century he was a leader in religious thinking and in social progress. His influence was constant, and will be enduring. He was born in Pennsylvania eighty-two years ago last February. He was a graduate of Williams College, and was ordained to the Congregational ministry in 1860. After serving successively in Brooklyn and Morrisania, New York, and North Adams, Massachusetts, as pastor, he was for a few years on the editorial staff of the "Independent." Returning to the active pastorate, he was for eight years pastor of the North Church, Springfield, Massachusetts, and in 1882 he became pastor of the First Congregational Church, at Columbus, Ohio, where he remained until his death. For the past four years he was pastor emeritus. He was one of the best-known preachers in America; but he was even better known as a writer. From the very beginning he showed his interest in the problems involved in applying the principles of Christianity to the complex social conditions of to-day. At the same time he devoted much of his writing to the interpretation of the Bible in the light of modern scholarship. The titles of some of his books of themselves reveal this twofold interest: "Applied Christianity," "Who Wrote the Bible?" "Tools and the Man," "Seven Puzzling Bible Books," "Christianity and Socialism," "The Labor Question," "Present-Day Theology."

He enlisted the sympathies of many groups of men. The honorary degrees he received are an indication of this, for he was a doctor of laws of the University of Wisconsin, which is a great State university, and the University of Notre Dame, which is a Roman Catholic institution. Because of his conviction that Christianity had a message for social as well as individual life, and that such a message could be delivered only by those who lived it as well as spoke it, he was ready when the call came for public service, which he rendered as a councilman of the city of Columbus and as a participant in the settlement of more than one important labor dispute.

Dr. Gladden as a journalist, a preacher, a public official, a writer of books, a poet, and a leader and molder of public thought was held in high esteem by all who really knew him as a brave, absolutely honest, generally level-headed, and always sincere thinker. He was a mediator by temperament, not by trying to find a "middle of the road," but by seeing the best in opposing parties and interpreting each to the other. So he interpreted perhaps as well as any man of his times the fair-minded wage-earner to the capitalist, and the fair-minded capitalist to the wage-earner; so in theology he remained orthodox while he was continually progressive. We did not agree with him in his campaign against "tainted money;" but perhaps the majority, certainly a very large proportion, of people whose minds are progressive did, and they took this position in condemning the acceptance of gifts from men who had made their money in ways that public opinion had come to condemn because of the honest abhorrence for the kind of religion which such rich men are supposed to represent. Dr. Gladden was what might properly be called a pacifist. He not only abhorred the evils of war, but held war to be unjustifiable in all cases. That he came to modify this view during the last few months of his life is indicated by his last message to his church, in which he spoke of the two forces arrayed against each other in deadly conflict, and declared that they could not live together on this planet. Even without this modification, he held his pacifist view strongly to within a year of his death. In all the sacrifice of those who had spent their lives for liberty he saw no adequate compensation for the loss that the war had brought to the world in halting what he believed to be industrial reform, or at least in diverting the minds and thoughts of men from industrial reform, to which he had devoted his life, and which, in fact (though he did not recognize it), the war itself has done so much to promote.

Nothing that Dr. Gladden wrote is better than his hymn "O Master, let me walk with thee;" it belongs among the great hymns of the last half-century, and it was a true expression of his religious spirit. He represented, not the religion of humanity, but the humanizing of religion. With courage, with conviction, and with an uncommon degree of common sense he rendered to his generation a great and lasting service.

THE BRITISH HOOVER

The British Hoover is dead—David Alfred Thomas, Viscount Rhondda. He was only sixty-two years old. He and his daughter were passengers on the Lusitania when she made her last voyage, and his premature death was ultimately due to the exposure to which he was subjected after the vessel was sunk.

Lord Rhondda was known as the "Welsh coal king."

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He deserved the title. Fifty thousand men were employed at his collieries in South Wales. Not only was he the largest coal operator in Great Britain, he was also the largest exporter, controlling some twenty depots in various parts of the world. Fully to maintain these, he became part owner and director in several shipping concerns.

Lord Rhondda was also worth knowing in another capacity. He was graduated from Caius College, Cambridge, and three years later got his Master's degree. Another five years, and he entered Parliament, where, as a pillar of the Liberal party, he served with distinction. His constituency, Cardiff, embraced one of the largest industrial communities in the United Kingdom. In 1916 he finally accepted a peerage, an honor he had twice refused. Two years ago, as President of the Local Government Board, he entered the Cabinet of his old friend Lloyd George. A year ago the Premier prevailed upon him to become Food Controller.

Through the impairing of ocean transportation, due to unrestricted submarine activity, British food supplies had fallen to a perilously low point. Lord Rhondda's first announcement was that speculation and profiteering must end. Later he formed the Inter-Allied Food Council to eliminate competition and stop speculative advances in food prices. Finding that it was impossible to feed London unless rationing became the rule, he introduced a compulsory rationing of meat, butter, and margarine, which later became general throughout the country.

As in this country, so in the United Kingdom, the people stood behind their Food Administrator. There, as here, waste has been eliminated, certain grains and meats have been substituted for others, and the two Food Administrators have worked hand in hand.

To win the war we need the work of a Rhondda and a Hoover just as much as we need that of a Haig or a Pershing.

A TITULAR SULTAN

Despatches from Europe announce the death of Mohammed, or Mehmet, V, Sultan of Turkey. He was seventy-three years old. But he was sixty-four years old before he ascended the throne. That was in 1909, five minutes after the *fetwa*, or order, for the dethronement of his brother, Sultan Abdul Hamid, arrived at the Parliament House in Constantinople. The *fetwa* declared Abdul guilty on four counts: First, he had squandered the wealth of the country. Next, he had broken laws. Next, he had burned the sacred books. Finally, he had committed massacres.

He had indeed. But no one realized that in the reign of the pleasant-looking new Sultan greater massacres were to be committed.

Abdul was retired into obscurity and died last February. It must have been galling for him in the closing years of his life to think that the brother whom he had imprisoned for thirty-three years was now reigning in his stead. According to Mussulman law the new Sultan must be the oldest representative of the house of Osman. The reason why Mohammed V had been imprisoned was because Abdul Hamid wanted to see his own son succeed. Hence he imprisoned his brother, the oldest representative of the Imperial house, doubtless hoping that long confinement, lack of exercise, and purposely rich living would undermine his health and that he would die. Abdul had another reason. Mohammed was a more liberal-minded man than his brother. Mohammed was a reader of modern books, and had broad views of the various events of the world. Moreover, he took only two wives! And he did not enforce on them the strict rules of the Turkish harem system. They, too, were said to partake of modern ideas. At all events, they appeared in Paris gowns.

In 1908, to the surprise of every one, a Constitution had been granted to Turkey. Coincident with this the rigor of Mohammed's life was modified. The Sultan had at last been compelled to seem to permit the heir to the throne to have some freedom. It was not surprising that liberals began to talk more than ever of the heir's prospective advent as a grateful change from Abdul Hamid's rule. Yet, however bloodthirsty Abdul may have been, history will record the fact that for more than thirty years he had held the Powers of Europe at bay and with consummate skill had maintained his Empire practically intact from encroachments. What a contrast now—Turkey denuded of vast territories in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and, what is infinitely worse, a German vassal in the autocratic scheme for Teutonic domination!

Mohammed V was not much of a Sultan. He was merely a pawn in the hands of Enver Bey and Talaat Pasha. But Mohammed's reign of nine years was for Turkey a critical period. In it the great so-called reform movement of the Young Turks was quickly shown to be mere camouflage for the recrudescence of tyranny. In it Turkey lost to Italy the African province of Tripoli. In it Turkey lost by the Balkan War most of her European possessions, and, finally, by the present war, Turkey has lost Arabia and Mesopotamia.

Turkey has long been the Sick Man of Europe. The Sick Man must return to his native Asia for his health. It would appear that the late reign has prepared the way.

PROTECTING WOMEN WORKERS

More and more as the war goes on it becomes necessary to employ women in place of men. In like measure it becomes necessary and important to give special and efficient protection to women workers. Particularly is this true of those women now employed on the street railways and subways.

Whatever might be said about the desirability of placing women in positions like these, the practice is growing, and is seemingly inevitable. It has been accepted by the public, and the women have, as a rule, been treated courteously and considerately. That the conditions of the employees should be guarded is shown conclusively by the recent presentment by the Grand Jury of Kings County, New York, in regard to abuses in this kind of employment of women by the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. The Grand Jury did not return an indictment, because the New York State courts have never taken the position, put into law by some other States and confirmed by the United States Supreme Court, that the conditions and treatment of women workers call for special laws guarding them. Therefore the Grand Jury had to content itself with intimating that an indictment would have been found had the law permitted. According to this report of the Grand Jury, based upon an investigation conducted personally by Judge Harry E. Lewis, the District Attorney of Kings County, both the method of employing women and their treatment after they were at work were lax and reprehensible. As summarized for The Outlook by a correspondent who has made a study both of the recent investigation and of the conditions themselves, the facts are as follows:

The evidence showed case after case where girls known to be seventeen years old were given employment, though twenty-one is the minimum age limit that has been accepted as fitting; and there was one bit of testimony to the effect that a child of fourteen, playing truant from school, and unmistakably her age, was taken on. The child was so small that the bell-rope had to be specially looped for her to reach it.

Another serious abuse in connection with this work was shown to be the amount of overtime labor frequently demanded, seriously militating against the physical well-being of the employee. One woman, a subway guard, testified that upon one day she worked from 1:30 P.M. to 3 A.M., with an hour off for supper; another day, from 3 P.M. to 2:30 A.M., with three-quarters of an hour off for supper. She was suspended for one day for refusing to take out an extra run. Working days of from twelve to fifteen hours were shown to be far from unusual.

The question of rest and lunch rooms for employees, with which most modern corporations concern themselves, has received little attention from the authorities of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, according to this evidence. Barrooms are numerous, it appears, in the neighborhood of car barns, but restaurants are scarce, and of a very uninviting character. The "swings," or free time between runs, are for the most part so arranged as to be inconvenient for going home, and as a result there is much "hanging around" during the period, which, with no decent place to stay, becomes not only a waste of time, but a situation fraught with moral dangers.

Judge Lewis urges the advisability of a thorough investi-

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gation upon the part of the company into the character of every applicant, male or female, for a position. The testimony showed an alarming amount of immorality among the women employed, though very many of them are beyond the vestige of a doubt decent, hard-working, self-respecting women.

In the matter of wages, the showing of the corporation, compared with similar ones in other cities, is poor.

Mr. Benjamin M. Squires, in his exhaustive discussion of the subject in the May issue of the "Monthly Review of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics," speaks of the detrimental effect of some of the features remaining even after precautions have been taken. "It is necessary to take into account the nervous strain resulting from riding hours at a time on a car that is constantly starting and stopping," he writes, "and that of handling crowds at rush hours. On many cars the conductor is obliged to be on his feet constantly, and the principle has been clearly established that a woman cannot work at employment requiring constant standing without seriously endangering her health. Moreover, the conductor is exposed to cold, damp, and draughts, even on the best type of inclosed vestibule and center-door cars. On the closed vestibule car there is added the strain of opening and closing the door at each stop. The danger of injury resulting seriously to a woman doing this work is by no means negligible."

The deplorable condition of affairs shown by the investigation is, in a way, local; but its very existence should prove a warning to employing corporations and to municipal authorities.

HAVE YOU ANY PLATINUM JEWELRY?

"I hate to go on wearing this watch-chain," said a man the other day. "It was a gift to me, and I prize it, but it makes me feel like a slacker." The chain was of gold and platinum. The gold gave the man no uneasiness. The platinum did.

The reason is that the Government needs platinum and cannot get it. It needs it, first of all, for explosives; platinum is the essential metal in the manufacture of nitric and sulphuric acids, the foundation of all explosives. The Government also needs platinum because it is used in the manufacture of shells. It needs it, finally, because it is indispensable in the electrical machinery of airplanes, motor boats, and submarines; every high-grade magneto for airplane, automobile, motor boat, or gas engine has from two to six contacts of platinum. The multitude of contacts on the telephone switchboard and on the relay instruments of both the telephone and telegraph lines are of platinum.

In more than one way the German absorption of Russia is costing us dear. Ninety-five per cent of our platinum has come from Russia. The Russian supply is now virtually in German hands. The German gain is our loss. The result of the closing of the Russian market is shown in the fact that the price of platinum has advanced from the normal of $30 an ounce to $105. By March 1, 1918, it was necessary to commandeer platinum. But this will only fill a small gap, and that temporarily.

Something else is necessary. Over half of the platinum supply has now come to be used in jewelry and for articles like men's cigarette-cases and women's mesh bags. Already, we are glad to say, thousands of persons have pledged themselves not to buy or to accept as gifts articles made in whole or in part from platinum. Yet it may be necessary to turn all the platinum now in private possession over to the Government for its use in making munitions of war.

TEACHERS MUST LIVE

The difficulty of obtaining skilled and efficient teachers, always a serious matter, has been made far greater than ever before by the war. This "shortage" of teachers was the most earnestly discussed subject before the recent meeting of the National Education Association. The causes of the shortage are obvious; many of the teachers have enlisted or are engaged in relief work; the general increase in the cost of living bears with peculiar hardness on teachers because of the smallness of the average teacher's salary.

On both points convincing figures were quoted at the meeting of the National Association. Thus it was found that seventy-three normal schools showed a falling off of five thousand students in the enrollment, a clear indication that the new crop, so to speak, of teachers is to be small. Equally convincing were the reports as to the salaries. It was asserted that the average salary for the 750,000 members of the teaching profession is below $600, and in the smaller cities and towns it is well known to be much less than this. For instance, it was pointed out that in the city of Chester, Pennsylvania, the average teacher, counting his annual stipend of $478, can go down to the shipyards and watch workers who earn as much in ten weeks with their hands.

There is no subject in which every citizen is more concerned than in the education of his children. At the same time, the average citizen is extremely averse to the increase of local taxation. It is said also that when it comes to spending money for schools the taxpayer is ordinarily far more generous as regards building and equipment than he is as to teachers' salaries. It is because of the slowness of the taxpayer in seeing the imperative need of getting good teachers by paying fair salaries that a campaign of civic education is needed in the homes. No one is surprised that men of mental quickness and executive power receive large pay nowadays in any material form of production. The teacher, if he or she is of real worth, is not only a person of natural intelligence who has been specially trained, but is a person of character and one who will influence as well as guide. The loss and injury caused by low salaries is in the end not merely to the teacher, but to the citizens and the country.

Until local communities realize the situation and the imperative need of action it may well be that State authority must be invoked. A perfectly practical suggestion which is worthy of careful consideration is that the State should enact a minimum wage law for teachers, grading the salary on the kind of service rendered, but also, if possible, allowing room for varying the salary according to the individual ability of the teacher.

THE PRESIDENT DEFINES INTERNATIONAL LAW

THE President's universally recognized genius for expressing lofty ideas in well-chosen words was never more happily displayed than in his Mount Vernon address on the Fourth of July. We print it in full elsewhere in this issue because it should be preserved and re-read by every American who believes that we ought to prosecute our part in the great war to a successful military conclusion. Those who so believe will be greatly heartened by the President's words. He is a master of English prose, and he has put into beautifully concise sentences the determination to which a hundred million Americans have irrevocably come after three years of consideration, debate, and sometimes of disagreement. "There can be but one issue. The settlement must be final. There can be no compromise. No half-way decision would be tolerable. No half-way decision is conceivable."

Some Americans saw this fact clearly more than three years ago, and it has burdened and perturbed them that their President could not have voiced their anxious and profound convictions earlier. But that water has flowed over the dam, and the ardor of our determination needs no longer to be quenched by it. Every loyal American should stand shoulder to shoulder with the President upon the platform which he has laid down.

There is an element of romance as well as of solemnity about this speech of President Wilson's. It was spoken on the anniversary of American Revolutionary Independence, at Mount Vernon, the old home and the dear tomb of Washington, in the Commonwealth of Virginia, about which memories of chivalry cluster in a way that is unique among the forty-eight States of the Union; and Virginia is the President's native State, as it was Washington's.

Mr. Wilson must have been affected by these circumstances. He must have felt himself both exhilarated and calmed, elated and solemnized, lifted in spirit and strengthened in physical determination, by the very atmosphere of the occasion. Thus the

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speech falls into two distinct parts. The first is reminiscent, running back as far as the days of Magna Charta, over the historical currents and associations out of which Mount Vernon and all it stands for was created. The language here is that of the student of life and literature.

In the second part the fighting statesman speaks. Here the language is terse and unmistakable. No compromise! We shall fight it out on this line if it takes, not all summer, but the rest of our lives! We were not in the first battle of this war for human freedom, but we have now made up our minds to be in the last battle, and it is to be a victorious battle to establish "the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind."

There is just now much discussion of the quality and function of international law, what it is and how it may be made to operate. The Mount Vernon address contains a definition and interpretation of international law which seems to us to be complete, practical, and, unlike many legal definitions, easily understood by the layman. To be sure, the President does not say that he is defining international law when he states the following as one of "the ends for which the associated peoples of the world are fighting and which must be conceded them before there can be peace." But the nations which live together in the relations he sets forth will be actually living under the protection of international law and order. This is his statement:

> The consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct toward each other by the same principles of honor and of respect for the common law of civilized society that govern the individual citizens of all modern states in their relations with one another; to the end that all promises and covenants may be sacredly observed, no private plots or conspiracies hatched, no selfish injuries wrought with impunity, and a mutual trust established upon the handsome foundation of a mutual respect for right.

The German army and the German people under the leadership of the Prussians are to-day fighting with all their power against the rule of international conduct which the President has thus so simply and yet powerfully laid down. It is the rule which should guide us, not only in our relations with our enemies, but with our allies and our neutral neighbors. And if this statement of the President's, which we venture to call his definition of international law, is wholeheartedly followed, it will solve many of our problems, not only in this war which we are making to re-establish and defend the just law of nations, but in the years of freedom and righteous peace which are to follow.

SHOULD WE PRAY FOR THE KAISER?

In the course of an address at the Win-the-War Convention of the League to Enforce Peace the Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook, as reported in this journal in its issue of May 29, spoke as follows:

> The Archbishop of York has told us that we must pray for our enemies, even as Christ on his cross asked of the Father that he forgive his murderers, "for they know not what they do." Yes, for the Roman soldiers who carried out the orders of the Roman Pilate and the Jewish Caiaphas; the unwitting instruments of witting knaves; but—he did not pray for Caiaphas, he did not pray for Judas, he did not pray for Pilate. I would offer up that prayer for ignorant and unwitting criminals; I would not offer it up for the Kaiser or for his pals! I may be tempted to lie to my fellow-men, but I will not lie to my God.

The Reformed Church "Messenger" printed this statement. One of its readers sent a protest to the editor of the "Messenger." Except for some of this writer's adjectives, such as "weak," "shocking," "pagan," and the like, the substance of his protest is that there is nothing in the life or teaching of Jesus to justify such an interpretation of his dying prayer. He quotes Jesus' saying to his disciples, "Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." He refers to Jesus' rebuke to his disciples James and John for asking if they might command fire to come from heaven to consume those who had refused to receive them and their Lord, and he asks:

> Just because Jesus was not small enough and mean enough in spirit to single them out and to name them by name and to call upon God to forgive some of his enemies and to damn the rest, how can Dr. Abbott be so cocksure that Jesus was as narrow and un-Christian as Dr. Abbott has shown himself to be?

In concluding, this correspondent writes: "If the Kaiser is as wicked a man as we profess to believe he is, then there can be no question that he needs to be prayed for;" and quotes the saying of Jesus, "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

We do not quote the words of the writer of this letter as an example of the spirit of tolerance and Christian charity for which he pleads, but as an illustration of the point of view of many who believe that forgiveness is a one-sided operation, depending wholly upon the willingness of the one called upon to forgive; that an unforgiving spirit is necessarily an un-Christian spirit; that there is no sin so heinous as to inspire a just wrath and hatred; and that there is no spirit so evil that it is beyond the reach of pity.

Quite the opposite point of view is presented in another letter that comes to us from a teacher of Biblical studies in Macalester College, St. Paul, Minnesota. He holds that the idea of forgiveness that would include the Kaiser and those like him as fit objects of prayer is due to a partial view of God. He believes that the Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook did his share in propagating this partial view, though making "all-sufficient amends in his masterly interpretation of the war from the day it started down to the present." So the writer of this letter, Professor James Wallace, is not defending the maker of the statement that called forth the comment, but is defending rather the view that it sets forth. He states his case so cogently and at the same time with such a measure of temperateness that we embody his letter here almost in full:

"It is a dangerous thing so to interpret the teachings of Jesus Christ as to bring them into direct conflict with the unimpeachable facts and lessons of history, as many ultra-pacifists have done since this world war began.

"In like manner, it is a dangerous thing so to interpret his teachings as to bring them into conflict with the psychology of the human soul and the plain dictates of common sense. To ask us as disciples of Christ to forgive a man or men who have committed a great crime under sudden anger or great provocation, and who later give evidence of repentance—that is practicable and consonant with reason and sound morals. But to ask us to forgive men or nations that make criminality a profession or who deliberately adopt murder, piracy, and brigandage as lawful means of achieving victory and world dominion without any evidence of repentance—at such teaching the human soul revolts and reason stands aghast.

"If such teaching is correct, then God should forgive the devil, and Jesus was very rash and cruel in declaring an eternal punishment prepared for the devil and his angels (Matthew xxv. 41–46). Then Jesus' seven woes imprecated (mark the word) upon the scribes and Pharisees (Matthew xxiii) was a very unjustifiable ebullition of wrath. Then his solemn warning to the Pharisees of their danger of committing an 'eternal sin' (Matthew xii. 23–32; Mark iii. 23–30) was a serious error. Why did Jesus charge them thus? Mark gives the answer (iii. 30), 'Because they said he [Jesus] hath an unclean spirit.' Jesus had just performed a deed so obviously to the multitude remarkably good that they thought he must be the Son of David—that is, the Messiah. He had healed a man who was blind, dumb, and possessed. But such was the obduracy and moral perversity of the Pharisees that they attributed it to Satanic agency.

"The definition of the unpardonable sin that seems to fit the circumstances (as given in Matthew and Mark) is: Downright, persistent moral perversity, by which moral distinctions are lost and good acts, inspired by the Spirit of God, are viewed as evil, and evil as good. Now, if Christ's disciples are to forgive moral perverts and criminals without any evidence of repentance, then the above teaching of Jesus is nonsense.

"Safe and sane guidance in this matter of forgiveness is found in Luke xvii. 3, 4: 'If thy brother sin, rebuke him; and if he sin against thee seven times in the day, and seven times turn again to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him.' Whole-hearted forgiveness, conditioned on genuine repentance, this is the principle to stick to. And where forgiveness is

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enjoined this principle, if not stated, is to be understood or implied.

"When and where has ignorance been accepted as justifying acquittal for crime or a long career of criminality? No doubt the murderers of Jesus did not fully realize what they were doing (no murderer ever does). This may be accepted as an extenuating circumstance that is not to be overlooked; but that it should be accepted in lieu of repentance, and the crime, on this account, forgiven, is too absurd for comment.

"What, then, did Jesus mean when he prayed, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do'? He meant that God might not regard their sin as unpardonable or eternal (see definition above), but, as ignorance had to do with it, that they might receive pardon in case of repentance.

"But of this repentance and consequent forgiveness the New Testament furnishes no evidence whatever. I know it is said (Matthew xxvii. 3) that Judas 'repented himself;' but the Greek word here, as in 2 Corinthians vii. 8, would better be rendered 'regretted,' or, perhaps still better, 'rued' it. At any rate, as it led to the gallows and not to the cross, his repentance was not after a godly sort.

"As for the rest of Jesus' murderers, the clear implication of Revelation i. 7 is that they did not repent.

"Did the Father, then refuse, to answer the prayer of his beloved and dying son? No, the murderers refused to fulfill the only condition on which forgiveness was possible.

"But something more should be pointed out—the striking contrast between Jerusalem and Berlin, between the hasty crime of a fanatical Jewish mob that pushed the arrest, trial, and execution of Jesus through within nine or ten hours, or even less, in a frenzy of passion that drowned the voice of reason and conscience; this, on the one hand, and, on the other, the elaborately reasoned and long-continued criminality of the 'Potsdam Gang,' who even before the war began incorporated systematic terrorism in their military code, and now for four years have pursued a mode of warfare shot through and through with murder, piracy, and brigandage—military horrors that for number, variety, and reasoned cruelty have no parallel in history. To forgive the perpetrators of such criminality without any evidence of genuine repentance is to stultify reason and bring the doctrine of forgiveness into utter contempt, to reduce the teaching of the old prophets to the veriest balderdash.

"And how comes it that such an unscriptural and perverted view of forgiveness should find any acceptance among Christian people? It is because for a quarter of a century and more in the American pulpit the Scriptural doctrine of the holiness, righteousness, justice, and righteous judgments of God has suffered almost total eclipse.

"The mission of the old prophets was mainly to school the Jewish people in the accountability of men and nations to a Moral Sovereign whose basic attributes were holiness, righteousness, and justice—'righteousness and justice are the foundation of His throne.'

"Jesus came to supplement this teaching—not to supersede it—with a revelation of the love, mercy, and compassion of a heavenly Father and to set forth a deeper view of his righteousness.

"The enervated conception of God generally held to-day in the Christian consciousness has been shot to pieces on the battlefields of Europe. For what is the voice that for four years has been resounding throughout the world? It is the voice of a righteous Moral Governor declaring his awful judgments against crass materialism, pagan philosophy, enthroned militarism, the state as a law unto itself."

With this statement of two contrasting points of view, we leave the question to the conscience of our readers.

Those who can forgive anybody, no matter whom, for any evil, no matter what, done to anybody, no matter how defenseless, can of course pray that such be forgiven. But those that believe, and believe profoundly, that there is sin so deliberate in its choice of evil in place of good, so perverse in its willing substitution of darkness for light—the sin that Jesus called blasphemy against the spirit of holiness—that it is beyond even the forgiveness of God, cannot ask of God forgiveness for those who not only have maimed and tortured little children and outraged pure and gentle women, but have made a virtue of their foul deeds, and have erected their infamy into a religion. If only those are forgivable who mend their ways, these, having destroyed their own power to turn back, are beyond forgiveness.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S ADDRESS AT MOUNT VERNON

ON the Fourth of July, at Mount Vernon, Virginia, before an audience of several thousand people, President Wilson made an address of international importance. He spoke as follows:

Gentlemen of the Diplomatic Corps and My Fellow-Citizens:

I am happy to draw apart with you to this quiet place of old counsel in order to speak a little of the meaning of this day of our Nation's independence. The place seems very still and remote. It is as serene and untouched by the hurry of the world as it was in those great days long ago when General Washington was here and held leisurely conference with the men who were to be associated with him in the creation of a nation. From these gentle slopes they looked out upon the world and saw it whole, saw it with the light of the future upon it, saw it with modern eyes that turned away from a past which men of liberated spirits could no longer endure. It is for that reason that we cannot feel, even here, in the immediate presence of this sacred tomb, that this is a place of death. It was a place of achievement. A great promise that was meant for all mankind was here given plan and reality. The associations by which we are here surrounded are the inspiriting associations of that noble death which is only a glorious consummation. From this green hillside we also ought to be able to see with comprehending eyes the world that lies around us and conceive anew the purpose that must set men free.

It is significant—significant of their own character and purpose and of the influences they were setting afoot—that Washington and his associates, like the barons at Runnymede, spoke and acted, not for a class, but for a people. It has been left for us to see to it that it shall be understood that they spoke and acted, not for a single people only, but for all mankind. They were thinking not of themselves and of the material interests which centered in the little groups of landholders and merchants and men of affairs with whom they were accustomed to act, in Virginia and the colonies to the north and south of her, but of a people which wished to be done with classes and special interests and the authority of men whom they had not themselves chosen to rule over them. They entertained no private purpose; desired no peculiar privilege. They were consciously planning that men of every class should be free and America a place to which men out of every nation might resort who wished to share with them the rights and privileges of free men. And we take our cue from them—do we not? We intend what they intended. We here in America believe our participation in this present war to be only the fruitage of what they planted. Our case differs from theirs only in this: that it is our inestimable privilege to concert with men out of every nation who shall make not only the liberties of America secure, but the liberties of every other people as well. We are happy in the thought that we are permitted to do what they would have done had they been in our place. There must now be settled, once for all, what was settled for America in the great age upon whose inspiration we draw to-day. This is surely a fitting place from which calmly to look out upon our task, that we may fortify our spirits for its accomplishment. And this is the appropriate place from which to avow, alike to the friends who look on and to the friends with whom we have the happiness to be associated in action, the faith and purpose with which we act.

This, then, is our conception of the great struggle in which we are engaged. The plot is written plain upon every scene and

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every act of the supreme tragedy. On the one hand stand the peoples of the world—not only the peoples actually engaged, but many others also, who suffer under mastery but cannot act; peoples of many races and in every part of the world—the people of stricken Russia, still among the rest, though they are for the moment unorganized and helpless. Opposed to them, masters of many armies, stand an isolated, friendless group of Governments, who speak no common purpose, but only selfish ambitions of their own, by which none can profit but themselves, and whose peoples are fuel in their hands; Governments which fear their people, and yet are for the time being sovereign lords, making every choice for them and disposing of their lives and fortunes as they will, as well as of the lives and fortunes of every people who fall under their power—Governments clothed with the strange trappings and the primitive authority of an age that is altogether alien and hostile to our own. The Past and the Present are in deadly grapple, and the peoples of the world are being done to death between them.

There can be but one issue. The settlement must be final. There can be no compromise. No half-way decision would be tolerable. No half-way decision is conceivable. These are the ends for which the associated peoples of the world are fighting and which must be conceded them before there can be peace:

I. The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world; or, if it cannot be presently destroyed, at the least its reduction to virtual impotence.

II. The settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangement, or of political relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its own exterior influence or mastery.

III. The consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct toward each other by the same principles of honor and of respect for the common law of civilized society that govern the individual citizens of all modern states in their relations with one another; to the end that all promises and covenants may be sacredly observed, no private plots or conspiracies hatched, no selfish injuries wrought with impunity, and a mutual trust established upon the handsome foundation of a mutual respect for right.

IV. The establishment of an organization of peace which shall make it certain that the combined power of free nations will check every invasion of right and serve to make peace and justice the more secure by affording a definite tribunal of opinion to which all must submit and by which every international readjustment that cannot be amicably agreed upon by the peoples directly concerned shall be sanctioned.

These great objects can be put into a single sentence. What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind.

These great ends cannot be achieved by debating and seeking to reconcile and accommodate what statesmen may wish with their projects for balances of power and of national opportunity. They can be realized only by the determination of what the thinking peoples of the world desire, with their longing hope for justice and for social freedom and opportunity.

I can fancy that the air of this place carries the accents of such principles with a peculiar kindness. Here were started forces which the great nation against which they were primarily directed at first regarded as a revolt against its rightful authority, but which it has long since seen to have been a step in the liberation of its own people as well as of the people of the United States; and I stand here now to speak—speak proudly and with confident hope—of the spread of this revolt, this liberation, to the great stage of the world itself! The blinded rulers of Prussia have roused forces they knew little of—forces which, once roused, can never be crushed to earth again; for they have at their heart an inspiration and a purpose which are deathless and of the very stuff of triumph!

POSTAGE AND NATIONAL UNITY

THE VIEWS OF WOODROW WILSON AND CHARLES E. HUGHES

THE law dividing the country into sections and putting up a postage barrier between them has gone into effect. Now every periodical sent through the mails goes with a postage burden that grows heavier as it travels. This law reverses a policy which the Government adopted years ago for the purpose of promoting National unity. Wise men then saw the great advantage in making it possible for a person on one border of the country to communicate with a fellow-citizen on the opposite border as easily as with one in the next town. The principle that we still observe in our letter postage, which enables a person to write and send a letter from Chicago to New Orleans at as little cost as from St. Paul to Minneapolis, has until now applied to the postage on printed matter, which is simply an expanded form of letter-writing. This new law, however, abandons this principle, and by impeding the circulation of reading matter substitutes sectionalism for Nationalism.

When he was Governor of New Jersey, Woodrow Wilson, now President of the United States, saw that the movement, which was then beginning, to impose new postage rates on newspapers and periodicals was in danger of hampering the National spirit, and in an interview he said:

> It must be that those who are proposing this change of rates do not comprehend the effect it would have. A tax upon the business of the more widely circulated magazines and periodicals would be a tax upon their means of living and performing their functions.
>
> They obtain their circulation by their direct appeal to the popular thought. Their circulation attracts advertisers. Their advertisements enable them to pay their writers and to enlarge their enterprise and influence.
>
> This proposed new postal rate would be a direct tax, and a very serious one, upon the formation and expression of opinion—its more deliberate formation and expression just at a time when opinion is concerning itself actively and effectively with the deepest problems of our politics and our social life.
>
> To make such a change now, whatever its intentions in the minds of those who propose it, would be to attack and embarrass the free processes of opinion. Surely sober second thought will prevent such mischievous blunder.

What Mr. Wilson said as Governor is even more emphatically true to-day when he is President and is leading the Nation at a time of struggle that requires the fullest expression of National spirit. And his opinion is reinforced by the recently expressed opinon of one who has been his political opponent, former Justice of the United States Supreme Court Charles E. Hughes. A few years ago Mr. Hughes served on a commission to study the second-class postage question. He speaks, therefore, with some special knowledge of the subject. In reply to a letter requesting him to represent before a Congressional committee the arguments against this law Mr. Hughes, under date of June 17 last, wrote:

> In answer to your letter I beg to say:
>
> I prefer not to accept a retainer to appear before legislative committees upon matters of general policy, as in such matters, if I have anything to say, I desire to speak only as a citizen.
>
> I have no hesitation in saying that I regard the zone system of postal rates for newspapers and periodicals, coming under the definition of second-class mail matter, as ill advised. The Commission on Second-Class Mail Matter (appointed in 1911), of which I was a member, considered this question and reported unanimously against the zone system. We said in that report:
>
> "The policy of zone rates was pursued in the earlier history of our Post Office, and has been given up in favor of a uniform rate in view of the larger interest of the Nation as a whole. It would seem to the Commission to be entirely impracticable to attempt to establish a system of zone rates for second-class matter. . . .
>
> "Progress in the Post Office, with respect both to economy in

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administration and to public convenience, leads away from a variety of differential charges to uniform rates and broad classifications."

In my judgment, the zone system for second-class mail matter is unjust to the publisher and unjust to the public. It not only imposes upon the publisher the additional rates upon a sectional basis, but it makes necessary the added expense for the necessary zone classifications at a time when every economy in production and distribution is most important. It introduces a complicated postal system to the inconvenience of the publisher and public when there should be a constant effort towards greater simplicity. There is no more reason for a zone system of rates for newspapers and magazines than for letters.

Newspapers and magazines are admitted to the second-class postal rates on the well-established policy of encouraging the dissemination of intelligence; but a zone system is a barrier to this dissemination. If it is important that newspapers and magazines should be circulated, it is equally important that there should not be sectional divisions to impede their general circulation through the entire country.

We are proud at this moment of our united purpose, but if we are to continue as a people to cherish united purposes and to maintain our essential unity as a nation we must foster the influences that promote unity. The greatest of these influences, perhaps, is the spread of intelligence diffused by newspapers and periodical literature. Abuses in connection with second-class mail matter will not be cured by a zone system of rates. That will hurt the good no less than the bad, and perhaps some of the best sort of periodical literature will be hit the hardest.

We do not wish to promote sectionalism, and "one country" means that in our correspondence and in the diffusion of necessary intelligence we should have a uniform postal rate for the entire country. The widest and freest interchange is the soundest public policy.

I hope that Congress will repeal the provision for the zone system, which is decidedly a looking-backward and walking-backward measure.

Very sincerely yours,
(signed) CHARLES E. HUGHES.

When two statesmen of the dominant opposing political parties take such a stand on the restriction of newspaper and periodical circulation, the objections of the publishers can hardly be waved aside as those of men who are merely selfishly interested.

THE I. W. W. ON TRIAL

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

THERE have developed during the past ten years labor troubles in various parts of the United States. They have resulted in violence and have aroused unwonted bitterness of feeling. The responsibility for these disorders has been laid on the Industrial Workers of the World, an organization composed largely of unskilled workers, headed by William D. Haywood, a stormy petrel among labor agitators.

Charges of all kinds have been made; hundreds of men have been jailed and many convicted for participation in these so-called outrages. Local authorities have been helpless at times to deal with the situations which have arisen.

While the press has recorded the disturbances and charged the I. W. W. with crimes against life and property, little actual information has been gathered regarding this organization.

With the outbreak of the war came the efforts of the Government effectually to check various activities which were believed to be hampering the effective participation of the United States. With this purpose in view, a Nation-wide series of raids were made upon I. W. W. headquarters, followed by the indictment of the leaders.

For the first time there is being presented, in Chicago, in a United States court, the full case for and against this organization. The public will at last have an opportunity to discover many facts long concealed.

It is said to be the greatest criminal case in the history of American courts, not only in the number of defendants on trial, the great mass of evidence which the Government has collected, but also for its National importance.

The Federal Judge before whom the case is being presented is Kenesaw Mountain Landis, an exceptionally keen, virile, and able jurist whose name is too widely known to require comment.

The jury was selected after more than a month's grilling examination of a hundred and fifty venire-men by prosecution and defense.

Special Assistant United States Attorney-General Frank K. Nebeker, of Salt Lake City, is in charge of the Government's case, assisted by Claude R. Porter, of Iowa. The defendants are represented by attorneys George Vanderveer, of Seattle, and William Cleary, of Bisbee, Arizona.

The defendants number 101 at the present time; 166 were named in the indictment, but some were never apprehended, and the case against others was dismissed or a severance granted by the Government.

More than half of those on trial are foreign born, and the majority of these are naturalized; with a few exceptions, all of the defendants are or have been officers of the I. W. W.

Following the Nation-wide raids upon I. W. W. headquarters by the Department of Justice last September, a corps of Government employees, under Mr. Nebeker's direction, began making a careful examination of the material seized. From tons of literature and correspondence a great volume of documentary evidence recording the activities of the organization and its members was culled for presentation to the jury.

The great bulk of the evidence presented by the Government has been made up of literature circulated by the defendants as propaganda and correspondence which passed between officers and members of the organization in furtherance of their plans. Owing to this fact, it is possible to gather an unusually complete conception of the I. W. W., its purposes, methods, and the effect which its doctrine has upon the individual members.

Heretofore would-be investigators have had to content themselves with such explanations of the philosophy of industrial unionism, sabotage, and direct action as the individual members of the I. W. W. might be willing to vouchsafe for public consumption. Now there have been placed on record the expressions used commonly among themselves bearing on these subjects. Later, when the defense has completed the presentation of its evidence, further comment may be forthcoming.

The fundamental ideas of the I. W. W. are expressed in the instrument referred to by that organization as its "Preamble," which is as follows:

> The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among the millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.
>
> Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.
>
> We find that the centering of management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the workers have interests in common with their employers.
>
> These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.
>
> Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."
>
> It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but to carry on pro-

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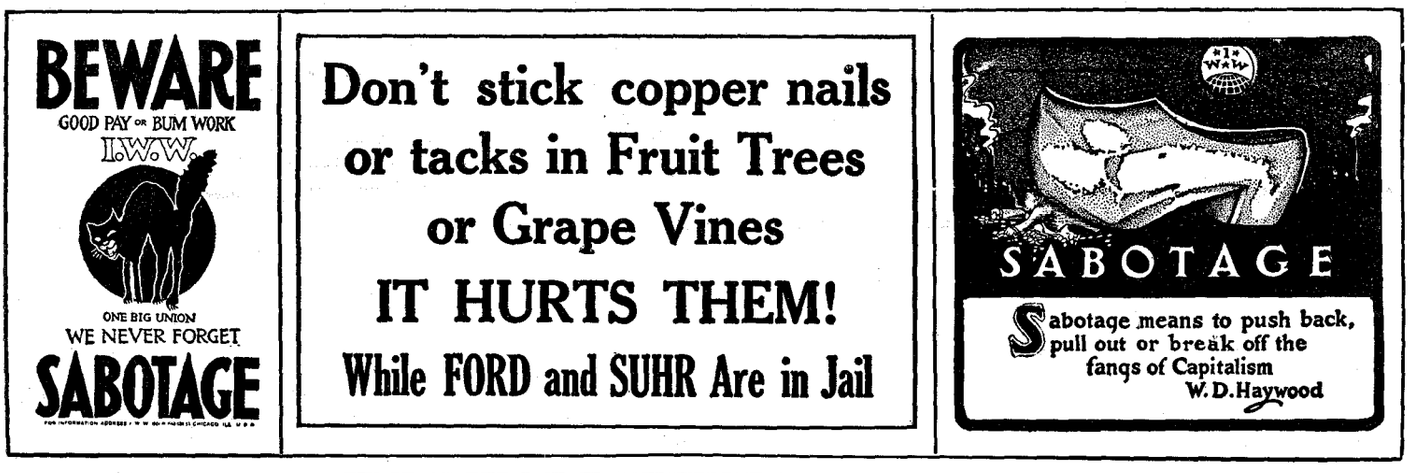
duction when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

It is obvious to the most casual reader that these are the principles of a revolutionary organization. Let there be no doubt on that point, for it has been freely admitted by the defendants and their counsel. Members of the organization will tell you with pride that this "Preamble" was adopted by the Bolsheviki without amendment as their guiding light.

There is, it will be observed, no reference to political action in the foregoing document. It was shown by the Government that in the earlier history of the I. W. W. there was in the second paragraph a vaguely expressed intent to make use of political means to bring about the state of society advocated. This became an issue between the conservative and radical elements of the organization, and the latter group, under the leadership of William D. Haywood, won.

By this change the I. W. W. became, and has continued to be, committed to the doctrine of "direct action," and with this revolutionary principle as its fundamental premise it has been built up. This policy of "direct action" not only presupposes the non-use of political methods of every kind, but it calls for continuous and unyielding opposition to all political institutions and laws whenever and wherever such opposition can be made effective. The basis for this attitude, as universally expressed in the literature and correspondence of the organization, seems to be based on the premise that the Government is capitalistic


BEWARE
GOOD PAY OR BUM WORK
I.W.W.
ONE BIG UNION
WE NEVER FORGET
SABOTAGE
Don't stick copper nails or tacks in Fruit Trees or Grape Vines
IT HURTS THEM!
While FORD and SUHR Are in Jail
I.W.W.
SABOTAGE
Sabotage means to push back, pull out or break off the fangs of Capitalism
W. D. Haywood

THREE OF THE I. W. W. "STICKERETTES" SHOWN AT THE TRIAL

and that all laws are promulgated for the protection of the capitalistic society, hence the courts and the officers charged with their enforcement are the enemies of all workers. All accepted standards of ethics are regarded by members of the I. W. W. as emanating from and devised for the protection of private property, hence they do not regard these as binding upon their membership. Their primary interest is to secure sufficient power by organization to be able to overthrow accepted standards and seize the industries.

This is expressed by their historian as follows:

> As a revolutionary organization the Industrial Workers of the World aims to use any and all tactics that will get the results sought with the least expenditure of time and energy. The tactics used are determined solely by the power of the organization to make good in their use. The question of "right" and "wrong" do not concern us.
>
> In short, the I. W. W. advocates the use of militant "direct-action" tactics to the full extent of our power to make good.
>
> —*St. John History Structure Methods.*

Sabotage has been accepted as a practical method of applying the doctrine of "direct action." The literature of the organization is filled with references to this lawless and sneaking form of activity. One of their writers defines sabotage in the following language:

> Sabotage is the destruction of profits to gain a definite, revolutionary, economic end. It has many forms. It may mean the destroying of raw materials destined for a scab factory or shop. It may mean the spoiling of a finished product. It may mean the destruction of parts of machinery or the disarrangement of a whole machine where that machine is the one upon which the other machines are dependent for material. It may mean working slow. It may mean poor work. It may mean missending packages, giving overweight to customers, pointing out defects in goods, using the best of materials where the employer desires adulteration, and also the telling of trade secrets. In fact, it has as many variations as there are different lines of work.

There are hundreds of methods suggested in the literature of the I. W. W., ranging from the misplacing of signal-lights on railways to introducing bedbugs into first-class hotels. Two symbols of this practice have been adopted, and appear in the propaganda and correspondence of the organization—the wooden shoe or sabot and a cat. Scores of letters were read by the Government attorneys in which such references to the "cat" as the following appeared:

> There was a big parasite owned a box factory in Everett. He was very active among the Vigilantes, in fact, a leader. He was a chesty guy until Sunday night. He owned a box factory worth $50,000. He isn't so chesty now, as all he owns is an ash-pile that is worth about fifty cents. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." I am going down and join the Holy Rollers, as God is with us, the oppressed, or possibly it was the cat. Who knows? I don't.

Another reads:

> Just got word from the camp that twenty scabs are lying in sick as a result of the cat.

Such phrases as "get the cats on their trail," or "send a bunch of cats here," or "what we need is to have a bunch of fellow-workers get on the job and turn the cat loose," appear again and again in letters written by organizers, secretaries of branch unions, and members.

Books by various members of the organization on the subject of sabotage were circulated as widely as possible. Stickerettes, or small pasters, were ordered in lots as high as a million at a time and sold to members. These were surreptitiously placed in mills, factories, and camps to keep the suggestion to practice sabotage continually before the membership.

To aid in spreading their doctrine the I. W. W. leaders conduct a publishing bureau in connection with their general headquarters in Chicago. Here books, pamphlets, and circulars are printed for distribution by the various branch organizations throughout the country. In addition to two weekly newspapers printed in English there were papers printed in the Bulgarian, Hungarian, Italian, Hebrew, Lithuanian, Polish, Portuguese, Russian, Spanish, Slavonian, Swedish, and Norwegian languages.

After hearing the translations of the numerous articles of an inflammatory character which appeared in these papers one could not fail to realize the force of the arguments which have been advanced since the beginning of the war against the continuance of the foreign-language press. These papers were maintained for the sole purpose of arousing in the minds of the thousands of immigrants who have come to this country seeking new opportunities and dreaming of future prosperity hostility to the Government, a lasting distrust of

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all our institutions, and a lack of faith in the honesty of our society.

The following excerpt from the letter of the managing editor of one of these papers reveals how thoroughly this influence was understood. He wrote:

> I have in this issue soft-pedaled the war talk. My reason is that if we came out strong there are hundreds of the boys who would pull stunts that would do the movement no good and land them on the inside of a jail, when they could be doing effective work on the inside of industry. I am not scared of jails. I have sampled a good many; but if I go it will not be over arguments in regard to flags.

In the phraseology of the I. W. W., these were publications designed to "fan the flames of discontent."

Among the various publications of the organization which were shrewdly calculated to this end mention should be made of the I. W. W. song-book. Among the "Hymns of Hate" that were sung by the members in the "jungles," the wheat-fields, and the mining and lumber camps is the following, entitled "Christians at War," sung to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers:"

> "Onward, Christian soldiers! Duty's way is plain;
> Slay your Christian neighbors, or by them be slain;
> Pulpiteers are spouting effervescent swill,
> God above is calling you to rob and rape and kill;
> All your acts are sanctified by the Lamb on high;
> If you love the Holy Ghost, go murder, pray, and die.
>
> Onward, Christian soldiers! Rip and tear and smite!
> Let the gentle Jesus bless your dynamite;
> Splinter skulls with shrapnel, fertilize the sod;
> Folks who do not speak your tongue deserve the curse of God.
> Smash the doors of every home, pretty maidens seize;
> Use your might and sacred right to treat them as you please.
>
> Onward, Christian soldiers! Eat and drink your fill;
> Rob with bloody fingers, Christ O. K.'s the bill.
> Steal the farmers' savings, take their grain and meat;
> Even though the children starve, the Saviour's bums must eat;
> Burn the peasants' cottages, orphans leave bereft;
> In Jehovah's holy name wreak ruin right and left.
>
> Onward, Christian soldiers! Drench the land with gore;
> Mercy is a weakness all the gods abhor.
> Bayonet the babies, jab the mothers, too;
> Hoist the cross of Calvary to hallow all you do.
> File your bullets' noses flat, poison every well;
> God decrees your enemies must all go plumb to hell.
>
> Onward, Christian soldiers! Blighting all you meet,
> Trampling human freedom under pious feet.
> Praise the Lord whose dollar-sign dupes his favored race!
> Make the foreign trash respect your bullion brand of grace,
> Trust in mock salvation, serve as pirates' tools;
> History will say of you: 'That pack of G—— d—— fools.'"

The Government has placed this doggerel in evidence, and with substantial supporting testimony to show that it was one of the widely circulated publications which members purchased by the tens of thousands.

The membership of the I. W. W. and the methods used in recruiting have in themselves made an interesting part of the evidence in the case. The chief executive officer is William D., or "Big Bill," Haywood, who has the title of secretary-treasurer. There is a general executive committee of five members, elected at the annual conventions. Then there are various tributary organizations, such as the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union, the Lumber Workers' Industrial Union, Marine Transport Workers, etc. These unions were chartered by the main body. They elect their own secretaries and send delegates to the annual conventions. In addition, there are numerous delegates who are empowered to travel about the country seeking any place where there seems to be a situation ripe for the development of trouble. If they discover a body of foreigners employed in an industry, they communicate with headquarters, suggesting that some organizer of that nationality be sent to foment discord. These traveling delegates are in many instances paid by the branch unions or receive their salaries direct from general headquarters. The admission fee to the I. W. W. was $2, and the monthly dues 50 cents. In addition, there were assessment stamps, issued frequently for the defense of members in jail in various parts of the country charged with crime. According to the estimates of the Government accountants who examined the books, there have been issued altogether perhaps some three hundred thousand membership cards. It is a fluctuating ambulatory membership, however, and probably amounts at the present time to something in the neighborhood of fifty thousand.

Prior to the entry of the United States into the war, when it became evident that this step was being forced upon us, the organization increased by leaps and bounds. In March, 1917, William D. Haywood wrote to one of the officers: "We are crowding on steam this year. We want to get a real start before the authorities begin to put their clamps on us. When we have every other industry as well organized as the lumber workers of western Washington and Idaho, then we won't care what the lawmakers do. If we make the wheels go around, 'the Ship of State' will be sailing to our breeze." The I. W. W. papers were filled with the most virulent attacks upon war and militarism, and the speakers were traveling about the country arousing similar sentiments. When the Selective Draft Act was forecast, the I. W. W. papers indulged in lengthy diatribes against it. A typical example is the following, which was published on May 5, under the caption "Organize or Perish:"

> The newspaper-made war hysteria is dragging its slimy length over all the land, leaving behind it a trail of horror, insanity, and suicide. And, in spite of the fact that the war is anything but popular with the American working class, the shortsighted and money-mad henchmen of big business seem to be determined to go a step further in an idiotic effort to foist forcible conscription upon us also. As far as the middle and upper classes are concerned, they may be able to "make it stick," but to every thinking member of the working class the whole thing appears in the light of a stupendous and ghastly conspiracy to undo all that labor has ever done to save itself from the clutches of industrial exploitation—a conspiracy of such far-reaching and disastrous effects upon organization that every class-conscious working man and woman in America feels called upon to defeat it at all costs.

In the same paper there appeared a violent attack on the patriotic stand made by the American Federation of Labor in regard to the war. The boldness of the I. W. W. stand encouraged those who desired to escape their duties as American citizens. They joined by the thousands. In five months $271,000 was collected for memberships, dues, and sales of I. W. W. literature.

The organization passed a resolution that no member would be permitted to retain membership who enlisted or was drafted into the military or naval service of the United States.

It seemed to be the understanding that there would be a general strike called in all industries in which they had a sufficient number of members to make it at all effective. It was the hope, apparently, of no small proportion of the membership that this would be of sufficient proportions to prevent the entry of the United States into the war. Strikes were called, but the workers of the country as a whole were more patriotic than these revolutionists had believed. The light broke upon them slowly that their dream of seizing the country's industries and proclaiming an industrial state was for the time being impossible. Then came the heavy hand of the Government and the gathering of the officers who are now on trial. The question for the jury to decide in this case is whether the defendants knowingly conspired to interfere with the production of munitions and supplies for the Government, and whether they knowingly conspired to prevent certain persons from the exercise of their Constitutional rights and to use the mails to defraud employers of labor generally. These questions the jury will consider in the light of the full evidence as presented.

Regardless of their verdict, it has been made clear during the course of this trial that we have in the United States a full-fledged revolutionary organization under a leadership as radical as any that existed in Russia prior to the overthrow of the autocracy.

L. H.

Chicago, Illinois, July 6, 1918.

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GETTING TOGETHER

HOW THE OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN SHIPS IN EUROPEAN WATERS ARE MAKING ACQUAINTANCE

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

LIEUTENANT ROYAL NAVY VOLUNTEER RESERVE

SHORTLY after the first American troops began to arrive in France last summer I chanced to be lunching one day at Châlons with the distinguished French general then in command at that important strategic center. It was a somewhat naïve officer of the Staff who, in describing the impression the new arrivals had made upon him, concluded with: "We like the American officers very much. In fact, they have given us a most pleasant surprise. They have not displayed the least tendency to show us how to run the war. Indeed, *they are not in the least American!*"

I do not know that I have heard a British naval officer use *precisely* the same expression in voicing his relief that his American "opposite number," whom he is now beginning to meet with increasing frequency and intimacy, has not fulfilled expectations in insisting on showing the British navy how to win the war; but that precise sentiment I heard implied many times, though, I am happy to record, less and less frequently as the favorable impression formed by those who have had an opportunity of meeting the first officers from across the Atlantic has had time to percolate. Save on the score of technical training and uniform, there is very little to differentiate the American naval officer from his brother in the Army, who has furnished so agreeable a surprise to his allies in France, and there need be no fear (whatever may have been expected from those who have not had the opportunity of meeting him before) that the former will not "keep station" at sea in the same quiet, unostentatious way that the latter has "fallen into step" on land.

The first naval force from across the Atlantic to be sent to European waters was the destroyer flotilla which began operations against the U-boats off the Irish coast over a year ago. As thoroughly characteristic of the spirit the Americans brought to this task, I may quote the words of an officer of one of the destroyers with whom I talked recently.

"Green as we came to the job," he said, "in comparison with the three years of hard experience the British had to their credit, our taking over the job here was almost like a lot of Boy Scouts being sent to replace a regiment of seasoned veterans in the trenches. We were all for it, however, and somehow we began to have results right from the get-away. Let me tell you, though, that if we had had to find out all the wrinkles of the game ourselves—if the British had not given us the benefit of all they had been paying in ships and men for three years to learn—it would have been a far slower business for us, and a far more costly one as well. I take off my hat to the British destroyers and trawlers and to the men who man them. I have not had a chance yet to see anything of the rest of their navy, but if the officers and men are of the same stamp as those we have worked with here, our battleships will find themselves just about as much at home on this side of the water as on the other. It will be just like joining up with another American fleet."

These sentiments seem to me thoroughly typical of the spirit with which the American naval officer is taking up his task in the active theater, and such was the opinion of a distinguished British naval officer to whom I quoted them not long ago.

"I have known American naval officers a good many years," he said, "principally on the China and West Indies stations, so that, personally, I had none of the doubts about our ability to co-operate with them that may have been harbored by some of my colleagues who had been less fortunate than myself on that score. The fact that the average untraveled Briton has had to judge the American wholly by such specimens as seemed to him the most characteristic among those coming to this side of the water—that is, by the Cook's tourist and the money-slinging millionaire type, neither of which is in the least representative—has been responsible for our getting, as a nation, a distorted picture of you as a nation. It was that which gave the more conservative element in our army and navy some doubts as to how we might settle down to pull in double harness.

"One of the best things about the American naval officer, and one that stands him in especially good stead at the present time, is his open-mindedness. He may have come over here firmly believing that some gun, some explosive, some system of loading or fire control, or any of a number of other things that he has perfected to the best of his experience, is better than anything else of the kind that Great Britain or any other nation has got. But that does not blind him in the least to the good points of the latter, and no false sentiment, pride, or conservatism will prevent the incontinent scrapping of his own long-labored-over invention to make way for what his open mind and sterling common sense tell him is better. It is this which makes it comparatively easy for an American to do a thing which is above all others most difficult for the Briton—to profit and take advantage of another's experience.

"An American ship, of whatever class, takes its place as a unit of one of our fleets or squadrons just as easily and naturally as if a new British ship, manned by British sailors, had been commissioned instead, and that will go on just as long as it is necessary or advisable to increase your naval strength in European waters. Indeed, the effective smoothness of the system under which the American ships work with ours makes one feel that, quite without realizing it, we have taken the first step in the formation of what has so long been talked of as a Utopian dream—an International Police Force. It is hardly the time to talk of such a consummation at this stage of things; but, if ever it does eventuate, you may take it as assured that an Anglo-American naval force will be its foundation."

That the British and American naval officers would "hit it off" well personally from the outset no one with any acquaintance with both of them could ever have had any doubt. As a matter of fact, there is much less difference between them than between the average American and Englishman, and that is a good deal less than most people imagine. In the first place, they come from very nearly the same class socially (I am speaking now of the regular Royal Navy and United States Navy) in their respective countries, and there is very little indeed to differentiate the English lad of thirteen or fourteen and the American lad a year or two older, the one beginning his naval training at Osborne and the other at Annapolis. Differing in important particulars though they do, the training of these two naval schools is far less divergent than that of English and American public schools and universities. That is to say, the naval schools of the two countries are aiming at precisely the same thing—the turning out of an officer who knows his business; whereas the respective public schools and universities are working in a number of different directions.

Perhaps the most gratifying tribute that I have heard paid to the American Battle Squadron, which has been for many months incorporated in and working with the Grand Fleet, was an unconscious one.

"How are the Americans getting on?" I asked an officer of the Commander-in-Chief's staff a few days ago.

"The Americans?" he repeated. "Oh, you mean the 'Xth B. S. They have merged so completely into the Grand Fleet that we long ago ceased to think of them as anything but a part of ourselves. Indeed, that's just what they have become—a part of ourselves. They're doing their part. I couldn't say more for them."

The world was a good deal impressed when, just after the German offensive started last March, President Wilson, acting on General Pershing's suggestion, agreed to the brigading of the American troops in France with the British and French armies until such time as they were in sufficient strength to

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form an army of their own. It was a wise action from the military point of view alone, but doubly so in giving our allies so unmistakable an example of the spirit in which America was entering the common fight.

It is characteristic of the essential difference between land and sea operations that the announcement of a similar sacrifice of National pride in the furtherance of Allied unity—this time on the part of the American Navy, and antedating the other by several months—should have to be withheld from the public until the significance of it was largely overshadowed by the more dramatic conditions under which the decision to brigade the American troops with the Allied armies was taken. Yet it is a fact that until the arrival of the American battleships, white with the brine of the Atlantic, across which they had plowed their way last winter, never before in history had the warships of one nation endeavored to co-operate with those of another save as a separate fleet. Never, indeed, up to that time had such a consummation been deemed practicable.

But the American Navy Department, and especially the distinguished Admiral appointed to the command of the first squadron to be sent to European waters, realizing that nothing but National pride and certain service practices which they felt sure Yankee adaptability would be equal to modifying were the only obstacles to an arrangement which could not but add incalculably to the weight they were throwing into the balance, decided—quite on their own initiative and without any pressure whatever from the British—that all American battleships should be incorporated into the Grand Fleet instead of operating as a distinct American force. From that time on, to all intents and purposes, it was as though so many new British units, fresh from the yards of the Tyne or the Clyde, had been added to the Grand Fleet. The American ships still flew the Stars and Stripes, and there were no changes in pay, uniform, discipline, and in such technical practices as affected the efficiency of the ship as a fighting unit. But in every particular involving relations with the Grand Fleet as a whole British practice was and is the rule. Everything that any British ship or squadron does devolves likewise upon every American ship and squadron, this extending from such things as providing work parties for road-making or other jobs on the beach to sallying forth on one of the great concerted sweeps through the North Sea in which the bulk of the floating might of the whole world is on the move.

One American battleship, crossing the Atlantic alone and arriving at the base only a few hours before the Grand Fleet was ordered to sea on what at the moment looked like the hottest kind of a Hun scent, made a great hit with the sport-loving British by replenishing her bunkers with a wildly rushed coaling and raising steam in time to get under weigh and swing into line with her sisters who had been grooming themselves for just such an event for many weeks. The next morning I was standing on the bridge of a British super-dreadnought with a historic name, when the Admiral read out a signal from the Fleet flagship which made it appear likely that an action with the German High Sea Fleet was but a matter of a few hours. Walking out to the end of the bridge, he turned his glasses back to where, steaming hard in line ahead, the American ships were coming up in perfect station on our starboard quarter. Running his glasses back along the line, he rested his glance for a moment on the last ship.

"There's the good old ——," he said with an affectionate smile, "not an inch out station, and steaming with the best of 'em. You'd never think to see her that she was bucking the swells of the Atlantic at this time yesterday morning. My word, what a stroke of luck for her if she *does* happen to stumble in her first twenty-four hours with the Grand Fleet into what the rest of us have been waiting four years for!"

It turned out to be the same old disappointment, after all, this time as so many other times, but the plucky bid the —— made for a chance of participating in *der Tag* pleased the British mightily, and won her at the outset a high place in their esteem.

That the newcomers would have much to learn from the three and four year veterans of the Grand Fleet was only to be expected, and right eagerly they set themselves out to master the things that can only be taught by experience. But the exchange of ideas was not entirely one-sided. One day I heard the gunnery lieutenant of my ship speaking with great enthusiasm of the American telephone system and of the astonishing speed with which the "Yanks" loaded their turret guns. The commander came back from the U. S. S. —— loud in praise of the quality of the American paints, which he claimed gave a surface much more easily kept clean than the similar grades provided in the British ships. The swift, smart American launches always evoked favorable comment, and even the strange-looking "bird-cage" masts won occasional converts. Perhaps the most interesting thing of all is the large and increasing number of British officers who one hears speaking sympathetically, and even approvingly, of the total abstinence of liquor in force on the American ships. The fact that the officers of the latter are practically unanimous in declaring that they would never favor going back to the old régime has made a good deal of an impression on the British, and more and more frequently I hear the older Royal Navy officers saying that they wished they had the same anti-liquor rules in force on their own ships.

In these and a score of other similar things one has evidence every day that, while the British Fleet is a constant inspiration to the Americans, the coming of the latter has not been without its "tonic" effects on the former.

Social entertainment between ship and ship is one of the features of British naval life that has been most conspicuous by its absence since the war began, and perhaps the highest compliment that could be paid the Americans was that the Grand Fleet did not consider it necessary to make any exception to the general practice in their case. Senior and junior officers of ships that chanced to be moored conveniently near each other lunched and dined back and forth, but no more or no less than if the newcomers had been English rather than American. There was no drinking of high-sounding toasts, and the nearest thing to formality in this respect I recall is the proposing the health of "The President," following that of "The King," with the port. For the rest, where one of our Latin allies could not possibly resist clinking glasses to "America," "The Entente," "Victory," and no end of similar toasts, the Briton contented himself with an unobtrusive "Cheerio" or "Chin-Chin."

But what these little unpremeditated "inter-ward-room" affairs lacked in formality they made up in geniality. One of the most memorable "evenings" I ever spent was that following a dinner on a certain famous light cruiser of the Australian navy, at which four officers of the U. S. S. —— (which chanced to be moored in the next line) were present. There was a concert by the ship's company that evening, and after a delectable hour and a half of Anglo-Australian chaff and harmony had been brought to a close by the playing of "God Save the King" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" the officers returned to the ward-room for a quiet hour with their pipes. The thing started, I believe, when somebody wound up the gramophone with a "Chu Chin Chow" record on it, and everybody joined in on the chorus. Then it transpired that the American guests showed unmistakable evidence of team-work in their harmony, and presently the others fell out and left the quartette singing alone. Two or three strange new "jazzy rags" that had not yet won their way to popular favor on this side of the Atlantic gave way to "Mississippi" and "Tennessee" and the classic melody of "I've Been Working on the Railroad." Finishing up with a flourish in a snappily executed bit of "buck-and-winging," the guests then insisted that they had occupied the center of the stage long enough, and demanded that the next round of the show should be British.

The hosts, affirming that they could not think of producing an anti-climax by following on after so finished a musical performance as that just concluded, said they would nevertheless endeavor to provide their share of entertainment by playing a game of "chair polo." This spirited competition quickly resolved itself into a general rough-and-tumble, out of which the fatherly major of Marines, who was the senior officer of the guests, only managed to keep one of the young American lieutenants by reminding him that it was not becoming that an officer and gentleman should break furniture outside of his own ship.

When all the British officers had fought themselves into a state of collapse, a hulking young midshipman who was roosting precariously on two legs of the lounging-chair under which

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the commander was imprisoned, gave vent to his exultation by taking in a lungful of air and expanding it in the blood-curdling Maori war-cry, which he had learned in his New Zealand home before he joined the navy. That gave the visitors a chance to get in the running again, and, putting their heads close together and beating out the rhythm with their fists, they fairly started the rivets on the ward-room ceiling with the thunderous bark of the Navy yell. The Maori war-whoop was like the chirping of a cricket in comparison. Wide-eyed with wonder and admiration, the British officers relaxed the death grips in which they had been holding each other and gathered near to see at close range how the big noise was made. The gunnery lieutenant slipped away for a moment, presently to reappear wearing his "ear-defenders." "Always use 'em when the big stuff is firing," he explained. "When do we start the next run?"

Nothing would do but that the officers of the H. M. S. —— should be taught the Yankee Navy yell. A class was formed then and there, and lessons were in full swing an hour later when the officer of the watch poked his head timidly inside the door to announce that the boat for the American officers had been standing by for twenty minutes, but that he had been waiting for a pause in the singing to report it. He was a serious-looking little sub, that officer of the watch, and I never could make quite sure whether he thought it was really singing (perhaps a new kind of Yankee ragtime) he was interrupting or not.

Ducking under hammocks in which restive would-be sleepers were stirring, we filed up the ladder and came out into the frosty air of the quarterdeck to speed the parting guests. Good-nights were spoken softly in deference to the captain, whose sleeping cabin was just beneath our feet, and the four cloaked officers tiptoed gently down the gangway and aboard their waiting launch. Then the commander passed a quietly spoken order down the line along the rail. "Ready now; altogether. One—two—three!"

With the sudden roar of a full gun salvo, the Navy yell boomed out on the still air and went rolling forth across the still waters to set strange echoes chattering in the distant hills. A sudden surge of quickly suppressed laughter floated back to us from the receding launch; but the visiting officers were on their good behavior once they were "out in the open" again, and the challenge was not taken up.

The commander was chuckling as he bade me good-night in the half-darkness of the ward-room flat. "There can't have been such another yell as that heard by these quiet waters since they were first plowed by the galleys of the old Norse Vikings," he said, with a laugh. "I'd really like to know just how many of the fifty or sixty thousand men of the Grand Fleet awakened by it knew to what navy that 'Nav-eee!' they heard referred to. Not that it makes much matter, though, now that we're all one."

EASTER, 1918

BY JOHN RICHARDS, CORPORAL[1]

Gone are the gold and the rose that shone in the delicate windows,
Broken and ruined the tomb where ancient warriors sleep,
Daylight stares through the roof still arching a shell-splintered pavement,
Coffins stand by the altar, and Christ on his cross looks down.

This was thy place, O Master, where the townsfolk praised thee on Sunday,
This was thy town and thy valley—work, and laughter and love;
Dear to thy heart were the days ere the crest of a steel-capped war wave
Broke on the peaceful islet, and hamlet and people were gone.

Bloody our hands, O Master, we raise them to thee notwithstanding
(War and the world to-day are one, and the world is thine);
From West to East we have come that thy priests may return to thine altars,
And that again, of an evening, children may sing in the streets.

"Somewhere in France."

"YOUR UNIFORM IS YOUR PASS"

BY SUZETTE G. STUART

WITH a keenness of imagination rather unusual to any one who knows the ropes in New York, the New York War Camp Community Service has pictured to itself the "lost" feeling of the enlisted strangers within its gates, and has issued accordingly a miniature guide-book, especially adapted to their requirements, of the interesting and friendly and entertaining places in New York City.

If you read this book as a layman, you'll feel convinced that there are distinct advantages in being an enlisted man. For *he* can get a round night's sleep and a bath for the price of a Thrift Stamp; *he* can get a brawn-building breakfast of oatmeal and milk, rolls, butter, and coffee for two nickels, or with ham and eggs added for three dimes; *he* can obtain legal aid free by appealing to the War Committee of the Bar of the City of New York or to the Legal Aid Society; and as to the round-up of special entertainments available to him, *he* can go to one or all of several delightful affairs any night of the week simply on his uniform, which is his pass.

The book answers his desires for a quiet place to lounge or read or write home in by telling him how, in any part of town, he can steer his course straight to some hospitable club that holds open its doors to him any day and evening, where he may sit down to a quiet writing-table for a pen-chat with the folks at home, or join in a good game of billiards, or fill up on "chow" that has a distinctly different flavor from the daily camp menu, or even find a mending committee especially devoted to the predicaments of khaki buttons and knitted socks.

Indeed, the New York War Camp Community Service has gone the length and breadth of the town with pencil and pad to jot down the address of every club and church house and special patriotic organization that holds open its doors to enlisted men. The result is an account so full and attractive that the long list of organizations following the name of the most ardent clubman in the country shrivels in comparison. And the only price of admission is the wearing of the uniform. "Your uniform is your pass." Open sesame!

Five Service Clubs established by the New York War Camp Community Service itself now extend in a chain from Coney Island, down by the ocean, up through the city to the big ship landing on the Hudson River. The soldier or sailor who has learned the way to one of these clubs is pretty sure to remember it for the next trip to town, for it means to him the difference between hanging around on curbstones or in doorways trying to give a good imitation of wanting to smoke his inevitable cigarette in just that particular spot and lounging in a spacious club-room where there are a dozen interesting things to do and a mighty pleasant atmosphere of friendliness and welcome about the

[1] We are sure that our readers will like to know that this soldier-author is a grandson of Julia Ward Howe, the author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."—THE EDITORS.

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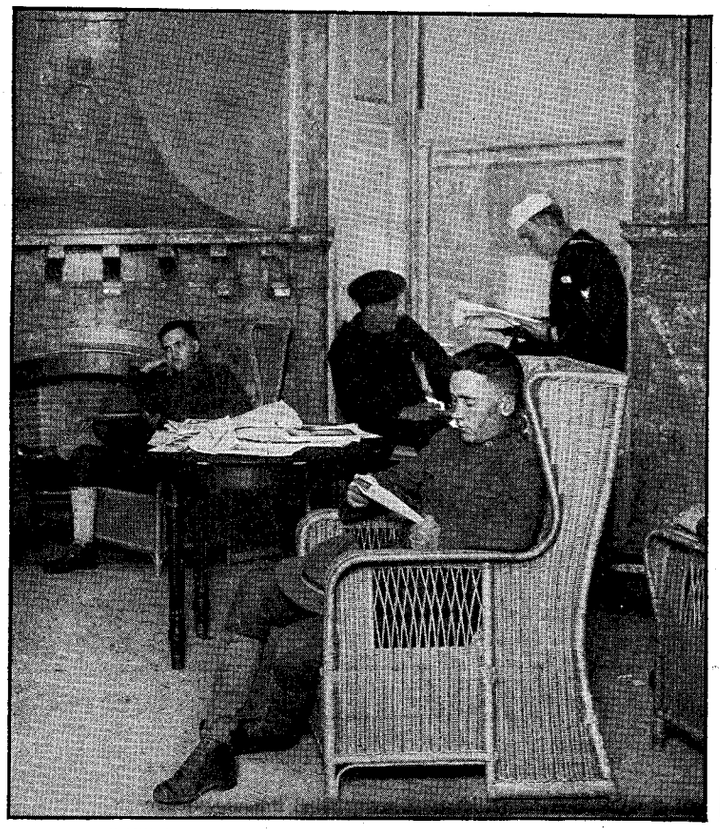

"ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME"—THE LOUNGE ROOM

"A TENSE MOMENT IN AN IDLE HOUR AWAY FROM CAMP"

"OH, LISTEN TO THE BAND!"—IN THE LARGE GAME-ROOM

THREE SCENES IN THE SOLDIERS' HOTEL IN NEW YORK CITY CONDUCTED BY WAR COMMUNITY SERVICE UNIT NO. 5

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whole place—as well as the cigarette; for in each and all of them he may smoke to his heart's content.

With the waking hours of the men thus cared for in some measure, the New York War Camp Community Service sought also to complete the equation: "A sound night's sleep plus small cost."

"It's a darn shame, there is no place in New York where we can get a bed to-night! We're broke, and we can't 'go' any Biltmore prices." Thus complained a weary soldier on a crowded street corner one evening last summer.

"That's right," agreed his fellow-at-arms. "We gave up our jobs to do our bit, and it's kind of hard luck not to have a place to sleep to-night."

This dialogue was actually overheard by one of the workers in the New York War Camp Community Service, and summed up very pointedly the situation which confronted that organization last fall. Twenty-five thousand enlisted men were coming into New York each week from the outlying camps and naval training stations, only to find a big city that to all practical purposes was unprepared for their presence. They slept on benches in the parks because their slim supply of coin was inadequate to meet the charges of city hotels. They lolled around on street corners or strayed into places of sham friendliness, all for lack of a real friend and a foreknowledge of the proper places to go.

The problem was answered by the establishment of "War Camp Community Service Unit No. 5," a soulless-sounding term, which yet embodies some of the most romantic features of the entire work of the organization. "W. C. C. S. Unit No. 5" is the enlisted man's own hotel, where for five nickels he obtains a comfortable night's rest and bath, soap, and towel. The men who last summer drowsed the night away on benches in the public parks for lack of a cheap lodging to go to are now provided for by this large hotel. Here, at what was once the well-known Hotel Earlington, in rooms for which fashionable folk paid fashionable prices, from nine hundred to one thousand men a night now lodge for a charge of twenty-five cents for bed and bath.

The New York War Camp Community Service has its own well-founded opinion as to the kind of good time the enlisted man really wants if it be made accessible to him—the kind he will like to think over again when he gets back to camp and that will build up into fine sustaining memories for him in weary marches and still vigils in No Man's Land.

Sunday afternoon gives one of the most concrete illustrations of how the New York War Camp Community Service awaits these eager visitors with definite amusement. If ever our Puritan ancestors should peep in upon the khaki and blue audience packed into one of the big Broadway theaters of a Sunday afternoon, and should take a good honest look at the clean-cut young faces turned so wholeheartedly toward the entertainers on the stage, and could hear the roar of instant laughter at some keen jest or the sudden stillness that blankets the house when a serious note is sounded, said ancestors of ours, we really believe, would surely feel a preponderance of wholesome good in the occasion.

Even playtime these days has its stern undercurrent for these men who are going overseas in the name of their country. "The Germans thought that the sight of the American flag would not greatly impress the German troops," said an entertainer at one of the Sunday matinées, "because of the similarity in colors to the French flag, which they already knew so well. But they *didn't* count on the fact that when they saw the American flag they would *see stars!*" And the mirth that followed was stamped with a determined grimness.

But the week holds six other possibilities for lonely hours besides Sunday. So the little guide-book has gathered in the whereabouts of all good entertainment got up throughout the week for the briefly idle soldier or sailor.

"If a fellow doesn't know how to dance, there isn't much for him to do," quoth a sailor boy at one of these parties, an assertion which is really the corollary to the main proposition that dancing has been discovered to be the enlisted man's favorite indoor sport—unless it's talking, just plain talking. "What would you like best to do this afternoon?" asked a willing hostess to whom the hotel had directed her Sunday dinner guest from one of the camps. "Just talk," he declared, settling down further into a big armchair in her charming sitting-room. "We get dead tired of talking to each other at camp; it's great to be in a home like this."

This brings us to the most human side of the whole story. "Off to town" for an overnight vacation from drill and mess and barrack walls sounds all right, but the social side of most of us revolts at walking abroad as strangers in a big city where every passer-by has some familiar spot to turn to at nightfall and some familiar face at home, if it's only that of flowers on the sitting-room window-sill. We whose homes are within trolley or subway distance of the day's work seldom pause to imagine what it feels like to be booked up for a journey to Berlin, with the training place for that journey on the Atlantic and one's home town dotting the map of the coast. But the New York War Camp Community Service has found thoughtful folk in the city who do realize that the inside of a home looks pretty good to these strangers, and they have successfully undertaken the immeasurably interesting task of transmuting the will to befriend into the individual deed.

"In view of the fact that my home is in Michigan," wrote one of the men to the hostess at whose home he had been delightfully entertained through the efforts of the New York War Camp Community Service, on the eve of sailing for France, "my sojourn in New York would have been the lonesomest one of my life but for you and your organization."

One hostess has a group of men at her house for supper every Saturday evening, and it's not the "eats" that count most in the visit, according to their own report, but the way she lets them help wash up the dishes and compare notes on her preserves and their favorite kind in the pantry back home and sing a bit around the open fire and feel generally at home instead of "entertained."

"When I came to New York," wrote another soldier to the organization, "I had a few dollars which I intended to spend in a few days and go back before my ten days were up. In all my life I wouldn't dare dream of having as good a time as you made possible for me to have. I met people that my soul was looking for—real home-folks, as they are called, people that instill in a fellow a feeling of decency. When I left them, I went away with a feeling that I was a somebody, and therefore I've got to act accordingly. I mean to do my bit the way these people expect me to do it. The places I went to are, I believe, on your records, and everywhere I went that same feeling prevails—that is, to treat the men in the service right."

As Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick, Chairman of the War Department and Navy Department Commissions on Training Camp Activities, under whose authority the New York War Camp Community Service operates, states, the entertainment encouraged by the New York War Camp Community Service is not "pink tea hospitality." The boy who wrote the following seems to have discovered this and found the genuine thing in the way of friendliness:

"I knew nobody in New York, but through your medium made good friends and spent many pleasant hours, and as long as I live I will always have a soft spot away down in my heart for New York."

President Wilson declares that "the spirit in which our soldiers leave America and their efficiency on the battle-fronts of Europe will be vitally affected by the character of the environment surrounding our military training camps."

How much the men themselves appreciate the truth in his words is well evidenced by a letter recently published in the editorial columns of the New York "Herald:"

"Allow one who wears the blue to pay respect and express thanks and appreciation for the wonderful work of the New York War Camp Community Service. Can you appreciate what a cot with clean sheets, towel, shower, and nightshirt for the total sum of twenty-five cents means to us boys and strangers?

"Fellow-citizens, do you realize what lasting good is accomplished by providing proper entertainment, free chaperoned dancing, food at cost, correspondence rooms, religious gatherings and suppers for any and all denominations, and educational tours of the city to ten thousand uniformed men on Saturdays and Sundays?

"Have you noticed any difference in the respect for the uni-

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form by those who wear it since the outbreak of the war? Upon inquiry, I find that these few lines express the sentiments of every man who has the honor to wear the uniform and partake of the hospitality of this organization, and so I'll say while on my way, 'A thousand thanks to your city with a thousand welcomes.'"

THE FIREPLACE

BY J. ANNAN

THERE was the fireplace of my boyhood days in my father's house far up in the hills where the trees were plentiful and great piles of cord-wood were stacked back of the house. The woodshed—something one never sees nowadays—was crammed to the rafters with pieces sawed the proper length for the stoves, while in a pile just outside were the longer or irregular pieces and knots and clumsy chunks where branches had joined. This pile was for the fireplace in the large living-room, where the family gathered together after the chores were done and the supper was cleared away. Even now I can see the room very clearly, with its low ceiling, its easy chairs, the old-fashioned mahogany sideboard, and the large table, in the exact center of which stood the big kerosene lamp. On one side of the table father sat reading some favorite volume, or occasionally the weekly paper which brought to us the current news of the outside world with its glamour that has long since worn off, now that I know it better. On the other side mother sat in her favorite rocker sewing. By her side was a work-basket of stockings—those which had been mended all done up in rolls, and the others in a loose pile by themselves. There was other mending to be done and often other occupations, but this one impressed itself the strongest upon me, I suppose because I was the chief offender, for the holes were not confined to the heels and toes of my stockings. They were on the knees as well, where I seemed to land usually when I fell, or upon the legs where some jagged branch had caught them as I climbed trees. At the farther end of the table Tom sat with his head in his hands studying the morrow's lessons, while opposite to him and near the fireplace was sister Emma making lace or some fancy work for the house. As I was the youngest and had no school tasks to be performed at home, and was not expected to interrupt the train of thought of my elders, there was nothing left for me to do but to gaze at the fire, which roared and crackled those long winter evenings. When it died down, I replenished it, for I was given permission to do that if I were careful; and so it was not a task. As the room was still save for the snapping of the wood and the rustle of the paper as father turned a page, I grew to make a companion of the fire. It became as potent as Aladdin's lamp. In its flames I could see palaces more beautiful than the Alhambra, temples more exquisitely carved than the Taj. It was possible to be a hero in these fireside dreams. One night I would be the captain of an all-star baseball team, and would pitch my team to victory, winning my own game by a home run with three men on bases. I wanted to make a long run in left field and catch a fly with one hand from the bat of the champion slugger on the other side. I could not do that though and pitch at the same time, so I had to content myself with striking him out. It was a sore disappointment, but the game has its limitations which even Aladdin's lamp or a fireside cannot overcome. Another night I would start out with my wife on a palfrey to build a log cabin far in the wilderness. The cabin would be built, the Indians conquered and scalped, gold discovered and great riches amassed, but somehow and somewhere my wife would disappear. She seemed to be an unnecessary adjunct to the dream, or only a prologue. I am afraid I was too young then to be chivalric. At other times I was a sailor, a trapper, or an explorer—any occupation at all that required daring and ability. Many an escape I had from peril, but was never injured. It took too long to recover from injuries; there was no glory in being sick and taking medicine. I knew from experience. The fireplace was a wonderful incentive to imagination, a place to see things. But the greatest thing to see was not in the fire, but before it in the contentment of a happy family, in the atmosphere of loyalty that each had for the other. But I was too young then to appreciate that. I accepted the fact as a matter of course, for I knew nothing different.

Later there was my own individual fireplace, at which I was sole high priest. For, although generations of college students before me had used it, and college generations that came after me would sit before it, still for four years it was mine, and unconsciously I made it the center of an imperfect masculine scheme of room decoration. On the mantel were whatever trophies of the chase I possessed—be they elks' horns or girls' pictures; at one side was the bookcase filled with text-books and my favorite authors, which latter, I fear, were read more faithfully than the former. Before it was the round table with its shaded student-lamp, and my deep-seated easy chair where I reclined as I read the odes of Horace. How he loved nature! I remember indistinctly how two or three of his shorter odes made me close my eyes and recall how I would often lie on the grass under some forest tree in summer and gaze dreamily up at the sky as I was lulled into drowsiness by the rustle of the leaves, the chirp of crickets, the hum of bees, and the distant song of birds—all blending into the faint minor note of nature.

At times a rollicking company would gather round planning some escapade like removing the clapper of the bell so that we would not have to go to morning prayers, or filling the chapel full of benches for the same unworthy reason. At other times we would discuss sophomorically but very solemnly and very really the problems of life. The gropings of the youthful mind for answers that answer are never amusing. They are interesting and sometimes pathetic. Youth knows so little from its own experience, and is so averse to accepting anything outside its own experience, that many a soul-bruise results from its false deductions. Sometimes we would gather to read aloud something one of us had stumbled upon in the college library and thought unusually good or philosophic, all unknowing that the philosophy was long outgrown. But we developed under it all—not always symmetrically, it is true, but with a certain mental independence and virility that the course of study alone might not have given. I like to recall the faces and the characteristics of some of this company. So far as I know, the characteristics are the same now as then, and the faces I would know, I am sure, because I have mentally added a few lines of care or age, and have crowned them with silver instead of the brown and black I used to see. There was one at whom we used to smile occasionally, for he had mapped out very definitely his life-work. But he has lived up to the standard he set. Another, who was nearly as large around as he was tall, the better to hold a large heart, has become a physician, and growls and barks at his patients the while he nurses them back to health as tenderly as any woman, and without pay if they are poor. Another still delves among the musty volumes of a college library, while a fourth is a banker who believes in serving his community rather than amassing great riches at its expense. The fifth, the courtly one of the group, has become a lawyer in a great city, but still retains in success his delicate appreciation of the feelings of others. One of his clients told me lately that he gave advice like an able lawyer and like a considerate brother. He believes in the old-school idea of the dignity and the service of the law; and the honor of the profession is safe in his keeping.

Usually, however, I was alone evenings, and when my books had been discarded I would sit before the waning brightness of the fire thinking of the fireside before which my father and my mother now sat alone. Her hands were idle now, for mending was scarcer, and dimming eyesight forbade night work. I could see her as she gazed into the fire and thought of her children, two with homes of their own and one who was still to her the baby. I could see father stirring around as he cleared his throat, too lonely to concentrate on anything very long in the winter evenings, and too masculine to admit it to mother, who nevertheless knew it perfectly well. I was beginning to under-

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CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

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COLLEGE GIRL FARMERS

These Barnard College girls are weeding their potato garden, which seems to be happily placed in a beautiful spot. They live in tents near by

WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

SOLDIER FARMERS

These soldiers of the National Army, like the college girls above, are raising potatoes, but on an immense scale. Camp Dix, at Wrightstown, New Jersey, has started an enormous truck farm. Its agricultural processes are carried on with the latest farming machinery

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THEY MUST WORK OR FIGHT

Idlers in New York City were thoroughly frightened when the Federal "Work or Fight" law and the State "Anti-Loafer" law went into effect. Five hundred men hastened to apply for positions where they may help the war or aid industry by honest work. The scene is at the Worth Street office of the Department of Public Employment

WAR WORKERS, WILLING AND UNWILLING

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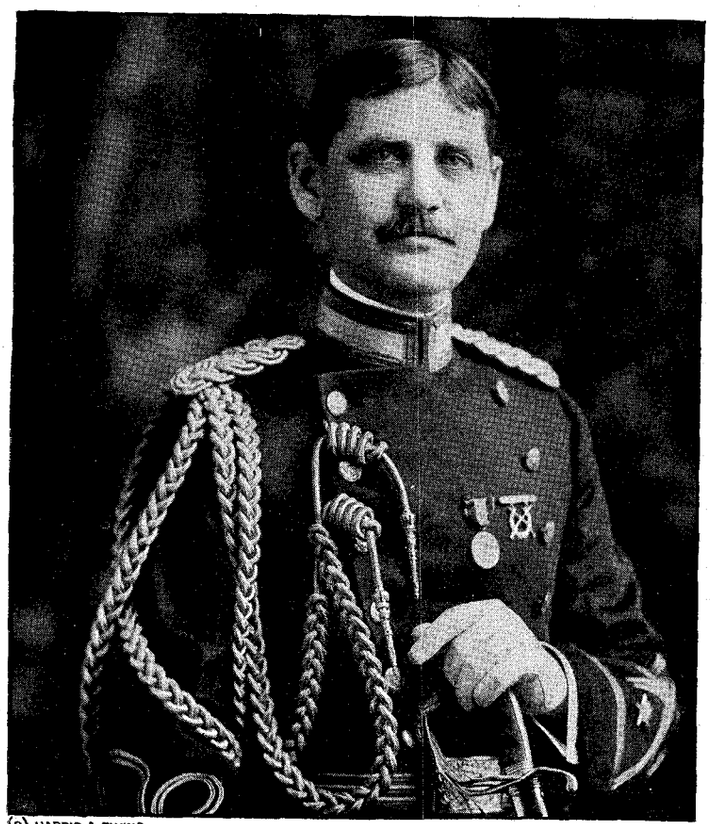

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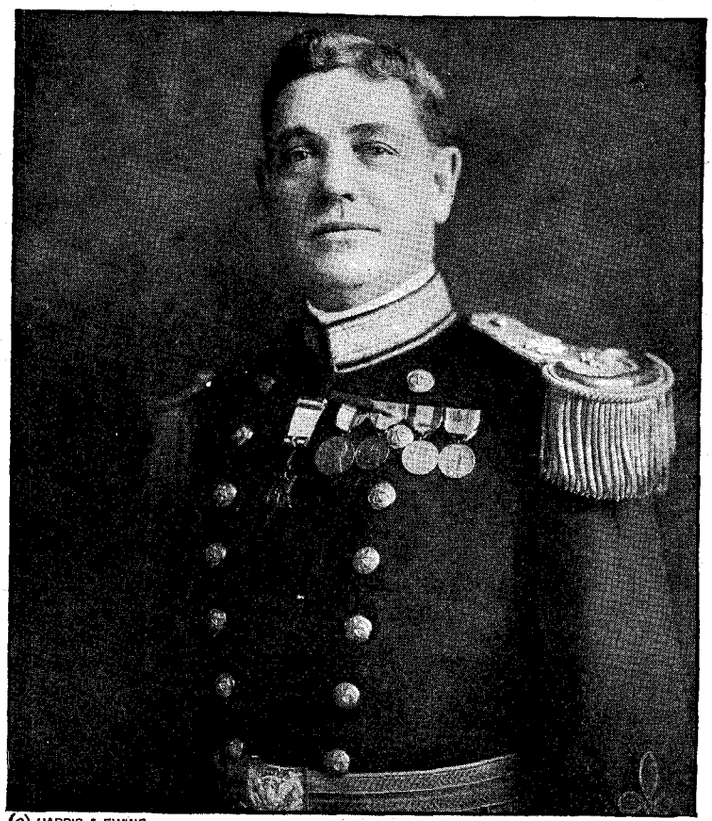
MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM S. GRAVES

General Graves is one of eight brigadier-generals recently advanced by the President to the rank of major-general. It was stated that personal ability, and not seniority, governed the selection. General Graves has had much to do with the forming of the new National Army as secretary to the General Staff and assistant to its Chief, General March



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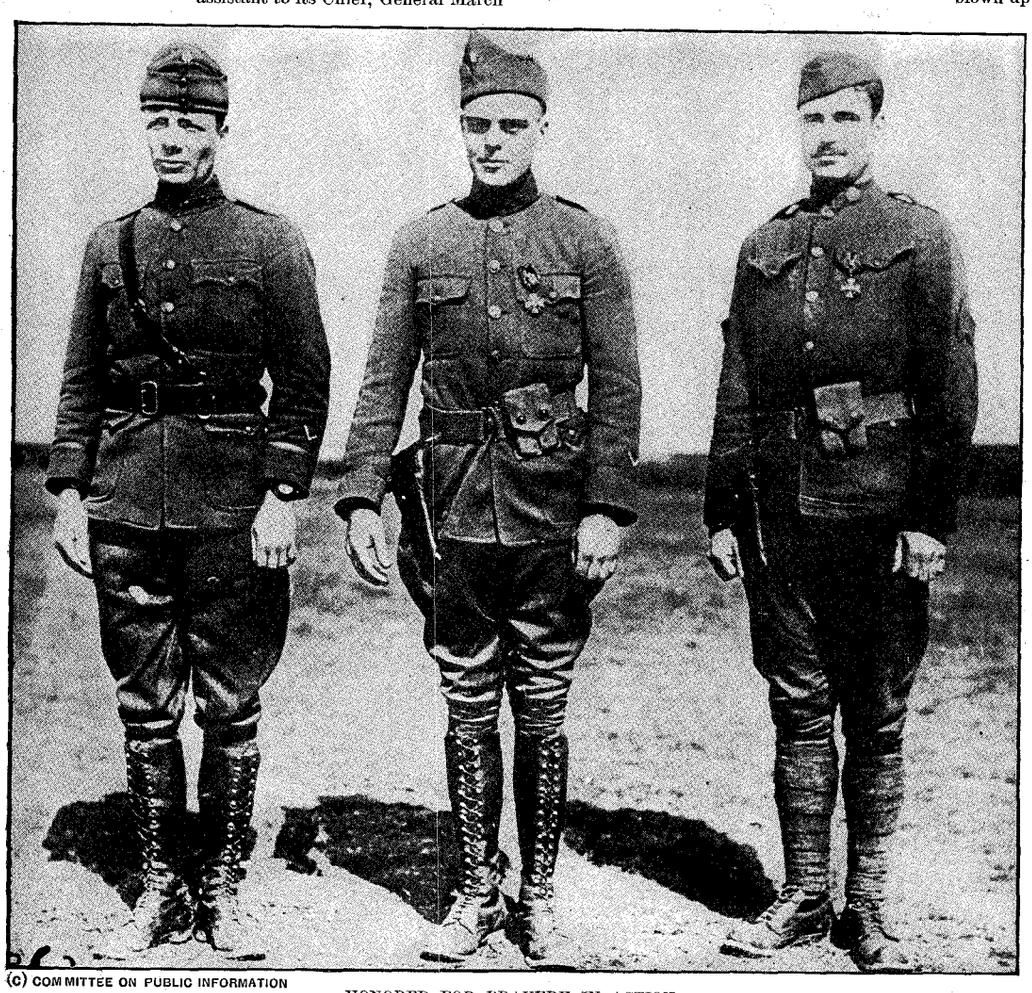
COLONEL ALBERTUS W. CATLIN

Colonel Catlin has long been one of the most efficient officers of our famous Marine Corps. It is reported that he has been seriously wounded in France. He was in command of the Marines on the battleship Maine when that vessel was blown up in Havana Harbor



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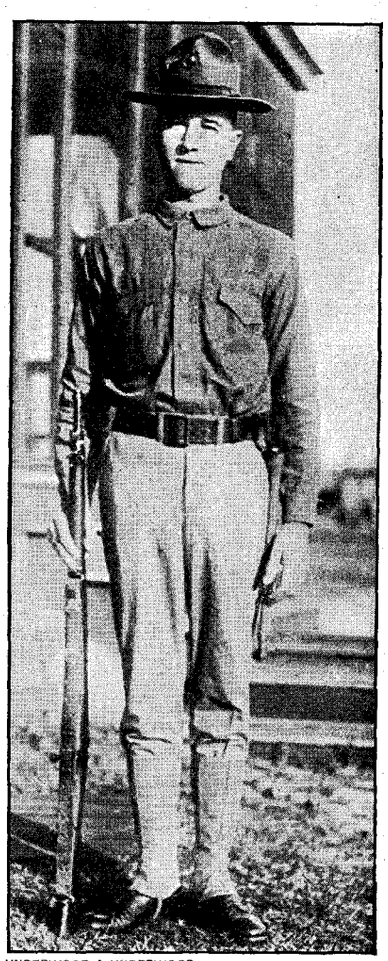
HONORED FOR BRAVERY IN ACTION

Major Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., (at the left) was cited for gallantry in the fighting at Cantigny, where he displayed gallant conduct. Later it was reported that, although he had been gassed in the lungs and eyes, he insisted on remaining in command of his battalion when it was under bombardment. Major Roosevelt is here taking part in the presentation of the Croix de Guerre to the two young soldiers who stand beside him, Lieutenant C. R. Holmes and Sergeant J. A. Murphy



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

THE PRIVATE WHO TOOK EIGHTY-THREE PRISONERS

Frank Lenert is only nineteen years old. By the audacity he mingled with good fortune he secured the surrender near Belleau Wood of five German officers and seventy-eight privates

MEN WHO DESERVE HONOR

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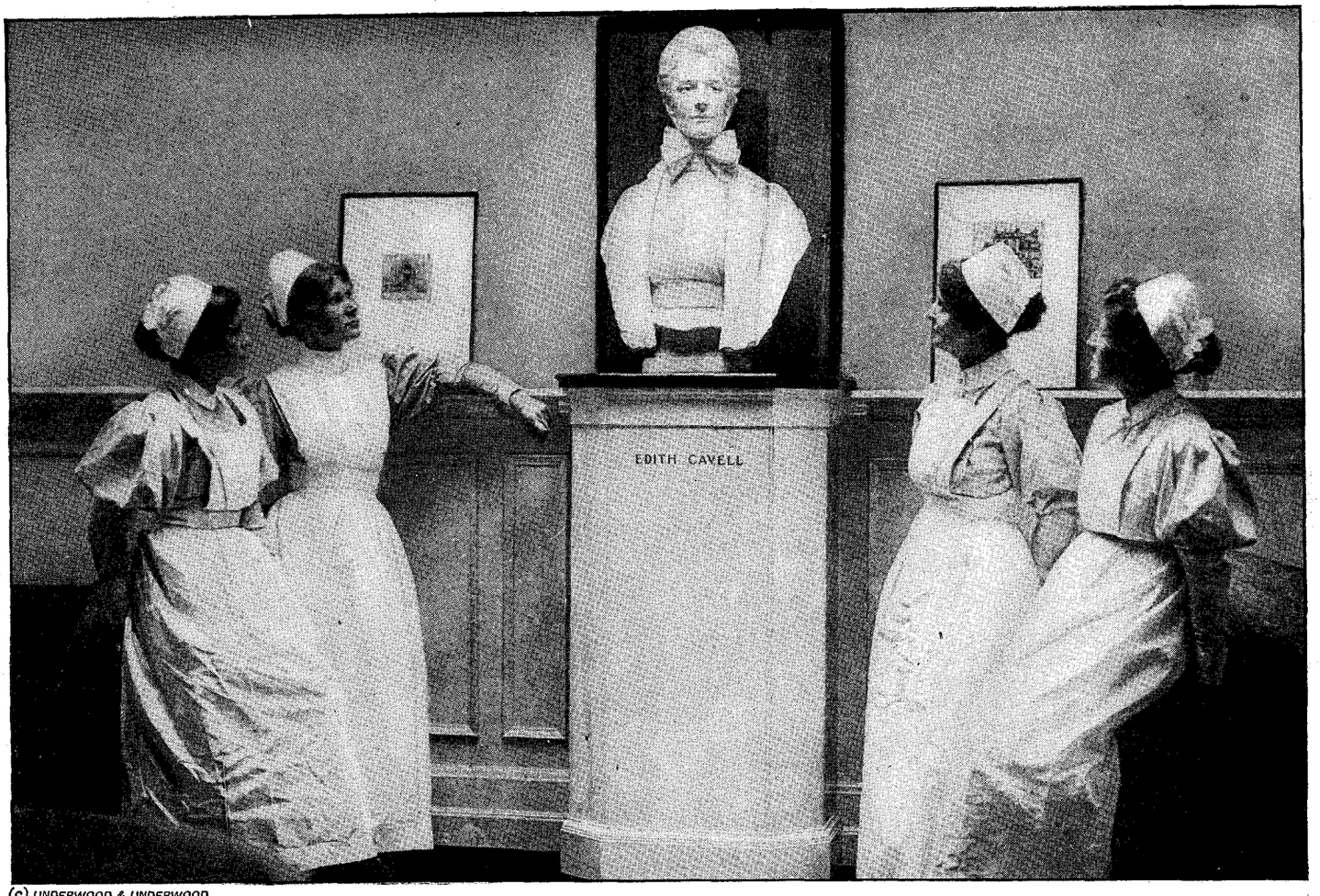

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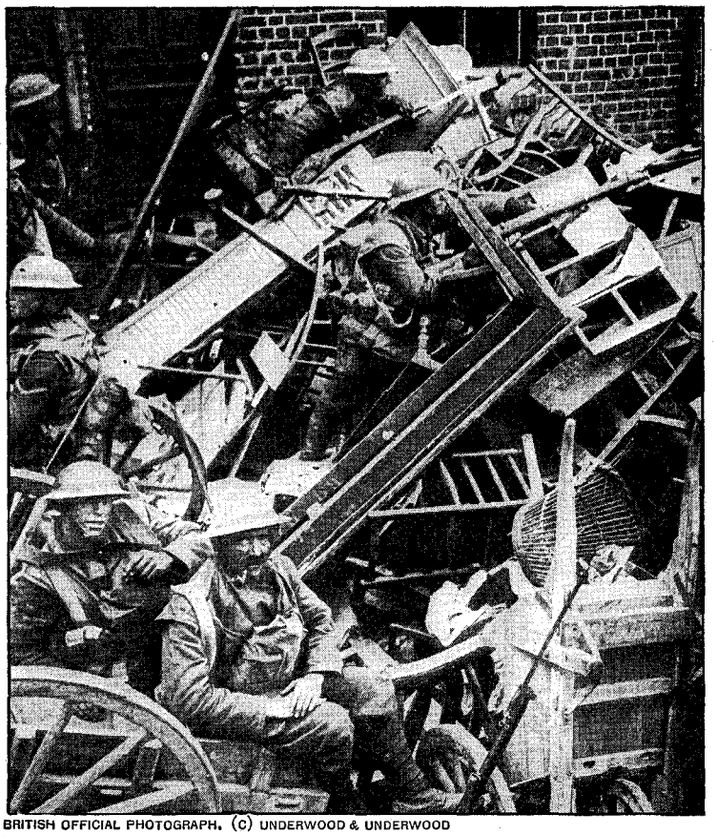
IN MEMORY OF EDITH CAVELL

The fittest possible memorial to the martyred English nurse who died by German brutality in Belgium is the Home for Nurses endowed in her name at the London Hospital and paid for by contributions from every part of the civilized world. The Home was recently opened



BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH. (c) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

READY TO RESIST

A street barricaded in this fashion strikes one as odd and primitive in such a war as this, but in the emergencies of recent offensives every device was called into use in defense. The soldiers who hold this "fort" are British. The curious medley of things piled up almost suggests a cubist picture

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SPORT AND SAFETY

A game of billiards in a Y. M. C. A. hut in France as it is played when a gas attack has been signaled as imminent. The gas mask may be called one form of the "play for safety"

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stand their sacrifices and the home love. The first long separation was teaching me, but the diffidence of youth kept me from expressing my feelings in the letters which I wrote. They would have enjoyed such letters, but nevertheless they knew and understood their omission. That is one of the penalties of parenthood. I know it now.

* * *

Then there was Her fireside. At this shrine, tended by a dark-haired, brown-eyed maiden, I was a devout worshiper in winter evenings after my college days were over. Her house was a mile up the road from ours—too short a distance to drive—and I would crunch through the snow, my head bent low to the icy blasts that swept the meadows bare and piled the snow in the road as if intent on plaguing lovers instead of helping them. How bright the moon was those nights, and when she declined how brilliantly the stars would shine! A city dweller never knows the full glory of the country heavens. Smoke and electric lights hide all but a few stars. The myriad little points of light and the Milky Way are lost.

It was a long walk but a quiet one save for the wind that whistled past me, driving the fine snow in my eyes and down my neck. On still nights there would be a distant impudent challenge of a fox, answered by the nearer indignant barking of some hound. But these sounds do not disturb—they fit in with the melody of nature. How the coming of ice and snow would send a thrill through one in those days! How one's blood would course through his veins in such weather! Now it sends shivers and the blood is sluggish.

And when her home was reached, we would sit by her fireside, an open hearth with its great sticks of oak and hickory, with now and then a balsam that would spit and sputter for all the world like some quarrelsome person. And then we would plan our future. In the long, understandable silences that often ensue between lovers I would gaze in the fire as in boyhood, and dream of a beautiful home and all that makes life attractive; dream of success, not for itself, but for her sake. If youth could only live up to such dreams, what an ecstasy of delight old age would be! And she, too, would dream dreams, I am sure. But what they were no one will ever know. What an ironic joke it was that fate played her! My comfort has been looked after carefully, but the things she loved are wanting. And yet one would never know it from her lips. Women are singular that way. They start out in life with high standards, and then, either deliberately or unconsciously, they lower them to fit the capacities of the ones they love. Whatever their secret thoughts may be, and God alone knows those, their loyal love forever stills repinings or complainings. Mother love is indeed wonderful, but it is understandable. But the love of a woman for her mate has no comparison in nature. It is doglike in its devotion and human in its care and wisdom. It is the greatest thing man possesses, and he knows it not.

Those were care-free times. Life was beginning to open up, but the real responsibilities had not yet come. We looked into the future through rose-colored lenses and saw but happiness. The toil and pain and suffering, the bitter which is added to the sweet, we did not see, and it is well we did not. We would shrink if we saw at once the problems of a lifetime, but somehow we are given strength to meet them when they come, even if we do not solve them correctly.

The evenings were not all spent in dreams of the future. More often we dwelt in the present. Sometimes in the early evening we would desert the fireplace for the piano, and I would listen to the reveries of Schumann or to the dash and spirit of Mendelssohn. Usually we would read to each other, or I would read and she would sew until the clock struck the hour for my departure. So while the fireplace still gave a cheery blaze, a pleasant benediction at the close of the evening, as well as a welcome at the beginning, I retraced my steps to where a light shone in the window, placed there by my mother before she retired.

* * *

But the best fireplace is ours before which we have now sat for the many years that have brought both happiness and sorrow. The others are but memories which grow fainter and fainter, until they are but the suggestion of delicate perfume. The first year of our married life, when we were more like children than grown-ups, we had the fireplace to ourselves, and kindled the fire often when it was not necessary because it reminded us both of youth and of courtship. Now, although we love it even more, both for itself and for its memories, we light it but seldom, for we have responsibilities and obligations, and we have learned to be sparing in the countless little ways when we are alone. Since Tom and Mary Elizabeth came to gladden our hearts we have had to plan for their future as well as for ours. And now I realize to the full the sacrifices of my parents and their joy in the sacrifices. We do not expect payment; we do not look for many words of thanks; but we see the appreciation of our children, and we also know and understand. During the altogether too short years of their childhood this was the place before which they had their games, and then their books, and then their company. And now they are both in college and we sit alone on the downhill of life, hand in hand, just as we started years ago.

But on Sunday we do light the fire after our letters to them are written, and we sit together on the sofa watching the bright blaze creeping up through the dark lumps of coal, and wondering what Tom and Mary are doing. Tom has my old room and has discovered his father's initials cut deeply in the window-sill. I think that little incident brought us nearer together than almost anything else lately. It showed him that I am human, or was at one time. And, although he does not say so, I know that he too is trying to work out life's problems in the blaze of the old fireplace. May he succeed better than his father! But Mary has no such luxury in her college dormitory. The rooms are all steam-heated, there are no draughts, and the thermometer always registers seventy degrees. Poor child! How she will ever dream by looking at a steam radiator I do not know. But she is happy, and she has visions of a useful life, a life of service of some kind. I hope her desire will be realized, whether her path leads to some profession or to the better ideal, the home. Whatever their lot or fortune, I trust the children will think of life as the most beautiful thing in the world, and that they also will have a few friends who are stanch and loyal as ours are; not many friends, but those who are alike in temperament and who will grow in soul life, as I hope the children will grow—friends whom to know, like ours, will be a delight, so different from the shabby imitations wealth or position brings. I cannot help wishing them material prosperity too. That is natural, although it is not the greatest thing. How like a fire some of our lives are! They flash up, sputter, and then settle down to a steady blaze, and then, just as we should be able to do what is expected of us, we fail or die. In youth we are egotistical of our powers. We

> "Dip into the future, far as human eye can see,
> See the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be."

Nothing is too great to accomplish. We hitch our wagons to stars, but find they do not move. Then comes middle life, when we do our prosaic work day by day, either adding figures or plowing fields or selling goods, exactly as Sisyphus pushed his rock up only to do it all over. And then old age comes, when desire has turned to ashes and the merest bits of dull fire are the sole reminders of the past. I do not wish them to feel like that when they have reached my age. I wish them to see only the brightness of life and not its dead ashes.

* * *

To-night we lighted our fire just as the street lamps flashed out, flickered a few times, and then settled down to a steady glare, while the wind blustered outside and the swinging arc-lamps cast weird lights and shadows upon our curtains. We will sit before it, silent for the most part, dreaming, in the bright blaze, of the children's future and planning for them so far as we can plan, just as parents always have dreamed and planned, and always will; and we will stay until the ever-widening ash leaves only patches of dull red. That will be our signal for retiring. It is always a little sad somehow to see the fire die, and the older we grow the more we childishly dread it. Yet we always love it too. It is a sort of bitter-sweet, this awakening from the elusive unrealities of dream life to the happy realities of a harsher existence, and we sigh a little as we rise, when we think of what might have been, and then smile when we think of what has been in our lives.

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THE WAR AND THE SCHOOLBOY

From an Address to the Boys of Fay's School at Southboro, Massachusetts

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

MOST of you know that we are fighting to make the world safe for democracy and against a German autocracy that would enslave us if it could. We shall win the fight, but in doing so we shall lose many young men, and it is probable that you boys will come to manhood just in time to fill their places. I hope that by the time you are old enough to be soldiers the war will be over; but if it isn't you may have to shoulder a gun and risk your lives in defense of your country. In any event, you are almost certain to be called upon to assume the responsibilities of life far earlier than would have been necessary if the war had not occurred. You will be men in a world where workmen will be needed more than anything else. You must therefore prepare yourselves for work, and efficient work, with all the speed possible. The wealth that the war has destroyed will have to be recreated. Civilization will have to be re-established. The wounded and the maimed and the impoverished will have to be taken care of, and those upon whom the duty of doing these things shall devolve must try and equip themselves for their prospective responsibilities as promptly as possible.

I feel, therefore, that it is my duty to urge upon all the boys who are condemned to listen to me the need of educating themselves as completely as possible and as speedily as possible. In the luxurious years of peace that preceded the present war there had grown up in the United States a theory that the idea of work should be disassociated from the getting of an education, that the school should be made a sort of playhouse, and that it was wrong and injurious to demand of children the application and intensive study that used to be insisted upon fifty or one hundred years ago. I am inclined to think that the experience of the war and the need that it has created for well-equipped and thoroughly educated men will dissipate this idea. I am a thorough believer in work, whether it be physical or mental, as the most healthful form of exercise that boys or girls or grown-ups can take, and I am anxious that the boys who listen to me should not be afraid of work. I know that some boys and some parents with whom I have talked have thought a boy's subsequent career is not much affected by his record and standing at school. My observation and inquiry lead me to the reverse conclusion. In most cases the brilliant men of the world were hard students and precocious children. We read of Julius Cæsar—perhaps the greatest of all warriors—riding to war behind his Uncle Marius at the tender age of three. Napoleon at the same age played with a toy cannon and marched imaginary troops to war. Alexander the Great when but three years old went out to meet ambassadors and talked with them in the absence of his father.

The three-year-old Confucius played on the lute and talked with his mother's friends on filial piety. When only four years old, Milton wrote creditable Latin verse and Pope composed Greek stanzas, while the latter wrote his famous "Ode to Solitude" when he was but twelve. At five little Hannibal held a sword heavier than himself and vowed eternal vengeance against the Romans. Saint-Saëns wrote waltzes and galops, Mozart composed and played on the violin, Titian painted pictures with a juice squeezed from berries and wild flowers, and Landseer made remarkable sketches when they were hardly more than children. Millais won his first prize at nine. Huxley, who astounded the scholastic world with his learning at seven, was taught by his mother, who "did things while others were thinking about doing them." Goethe had made a considerable reputation as a writer before he was fifteen. At seven Immanuel Kant, the "little fellow with the big head," began to teach those who were willing to be taught. He was "such a small potato" that he had to stand on a box to be seen, but, being a teacher by temperament, he held the attention of all who heard him.

Paul Morphy, the greatest of chess-players, was a champion at nine. Molière, whose genius was awakened early by going to the theater with his jolly grandfather, wrote plays at ten. John Stuart Mill knew his Greek alphabet when three, and at five could correct his elders in Latin and Greek. He was his father's constant companion, and carried a note-book with him whenever he went for a walk. During these walks he asked all manner of questions, and thus gained the early part of his education. Herbert Spencer received the early part of his education by being taught to observe things when he was a tiny boy. Before he was fifteen John Keats had translated the whole of the Æneid into prose, and in his spare hours had read most of the books in the school library. Coleridge, who was a charity scholar in an English public school, had translated the eight hymns of Synesius from the Greek into English before his fifteenth year. John Fiske was reading Cæsar at the age of seven, and in a letter written to his mother on his eighth birthday said: "I am now eight years old and have read about two hundred volumes of books on all subjects, particularly on natural history, philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, grammar, mathematics, and miscellaneous things. I have also read Spanish a little." At eleven he had written an original Greek oration.

Lord Kelvin, the great electrician to whom the world of to-day is so largely indebted, was the son of a Scot, Professor Thomson, of whom it is said that "he believed that a child should be educated as soon as it showed an intelligent interest in the world, and that this education should be along lines indicated by the child's tendencies." With this idea, he began to teach his two boys in the cradle. His friends protested that he would strain the children's minds and break down their intellects, but he replied: "Stuff and nonsense! It is precisely because the education of children begins too late that they find it hard to learn and strain their minds in the attainment of knowledge. Let a child get accustomed to using its mind in early childhood and study will never tax it, but will be a perpetual joy; and, at any rate, this is the way I intend to bring up my boys." He did, and, possibly as a result of this, both boys became famous men and lived to a ripe old age. The elder son entered Glasgow University at the age of twelve, and led his class there. He lived until he was over eighty, leaving a reputation as a great teacher and an authority on engineering. Lord Kelvin, the younger son, did even better. By the time he was eighteen he was recognized as a scientific authority, and by many he is now ranked with Newton and Faraday. He lived until he was eighty-three, showing that his early education had not harmed him physically.

I have been at some pains to compile this list of those men who are now regarded as prodigies because I have felt that in the years that are to come when you boys are men the world will need those who have in their youth learned to be unsparing of themselves, and I hope that, whether you are leaving Fay's to go to a preparatory school or expect to spend a year or two more here, you will make up your minds that for the future you will try to equip yourselves as thoroughly as possible, and as soon as possible, for the battle of life that is ahead of you. Especially do I urge that you shall cultivate your memory.

When I was a small boy, my mother made me memorize great long passages of Scripture, the Shorter Catechism, a lot of hymns, and a great deal of poetry. Much of it I have forgotten, but some of it I still remember, and what I recollect, plus the facility with which I learned to remember, gives me unending pleasure and satisfaction in my old age. I know that my boy hates to hear me say this, for it means that during this summer, if I am not separated from him, he will have to learn at least one short poem every week; but I know that in the years to come he will thank me for subjecting his memory to this discipline.

And, finally, boys, I want to urge upon you the cultivation of a will to win, which is absolutely necessary if we are ever to accomplish anything worth while in life or rise above mediocrity.

I happened to run across a little poem the other day that seemed to me to enforce this truth very happily. It is as follows:

"THINK!

"If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you like to win, but you think you can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you're lost;
For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will,
It's all in the state of mind.
If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise,
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can."

General Foch, the great strategist, who is now in command of all the Allied armies, is very fond of saying that no battle is ever lost until it is morally lost, and that we are never licked until we admit it. This is the spirit by which the soldiers that will ultimately defeat Germany are animated. I hope that it is, and will continue to be, the spirit in which you boys will attack the problems that confront you during your school days, the other problems that will be yours when you are at college, and the difficulties that you will meet and the battles that you will have to fight when you become men.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of July 10, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: A Tribute to France; The Bastille.

Reference: Page 403.

Questions:

1. Give a brief summary of the social, economic, and political conditions in France on the eve of the French Revolution. 2. Tell why and how July 14 came to be the great national holiday of France. 3. The national holiday of France is to be observed in America. What does The Outlook say about arrangements for this celebration? 4. How many reasons can you give why Americans should pay this tribute to France? 5. The Outlook believes that our observance of the French national holiday will help "to promote international understanding and friendship." Name and discuss several other ways of promoting international good will. 6. France and England both celebrated America's Independence Day, July 4, as though it were their own. Discuss the significance of this. 7. Do you expect that the spirit of individual liberty and democracy will some day establish a World's Fourth of July, which will be observed even in Berlin? What are your reasons? 8. Read in connection with this topic "The Eve of the French Revolution," by Edward J. Lowell (Houghton Mifflin); Adams's "The Growth of the French Nation" (Macmillan); "The International Mind," by N. M. Butler (Scribners); "The English-Speaking Peoples," by G. L. Beer (Macmillan).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: How Shall Russia Be Saved?

Reference: Editorial, pages 410, 411.

Questions:

1. What are many of the rumors and reports that have recently come out of Russia? What are the three impressions these reports have made upon The Outlook? How do these rumors impress you? 2. What are President Wilson's attitude and policy as regards Russia? Tell why you are or are not in full accord with them. 3. Do you think the Allies should wait for an "invitation" before entering Russia? From whom would you expect the invitation? What *legal* authority is there in Russia to issue such an invitation? 4. Why, in your opinion, do the Bolsheviki grant to Germany practically everything she demands? 5. Give several reasons for the tragic weakness of the Russian people. 6. What is the answer to The Outlook's question, "How shall Russia be saved?" 7. Two of the best books ever written on Russia are "The Eclipse of Russia," by E. J. Dillon (Doran), and "The Birth of the Russian Democracy," by A. J. Sack (the Russian Information Bureau, Woolworth Building, New York). A very interesting and suggestive book on Russia is Stephen Graham's "Russia and the World" (Macmillan).

B. Topic: Submarines and Airplanes; The Effect of Kühlmann's Speech.

Reference: Pages 405, 406.

Questions:

1. Germany has sunk another hospital ship. What does The Outlook say about this affair? 2. What are the rules as to hospital ships adopted and approved by all the Great Powers of the world (Germany included) at the Second Hague Convention, concluded October 18, 1907? 3. How do you account for the fact that the German naval authorities, with the sanction of the German people, can torpedo a hospital ship at night without warning and upon an utterly false pretense? Discuss. 4. Do you believe in retribution for Germany? If so, what sort of punishment would you advocate for her? 5. Do you think it possible for Germany to qualify for readmission to civilization? Reasons. 6. What effect did Kühlmann's speech have in Germany? 7. What is meant by saying that his speech was "staged"? If it were, what was the object? 8. Give the main reason and at least four other reasons why it is futile to talk about peace negotiations with Germany.

C. Topic: Why Not Declare War on Turkey?

Reference: Editorial, page 410.

Questions:

1. What reasons does The Outlook give why America has not declared war upon Turkey? 2. In your opinion, does The Outlook go too far in declaring "these arguments have no weight against the necessity of putting Turkey alongside Germany"? Discuss.

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. Human lives should not be considered as against human rights. 2. Bolshevism is Czarism upside down.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for July 10, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Holiday, the Bastille, due process of law (403); residue (410); despicable (405); crux, brigand, outlaw (406).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

THE NEW BOOKS

This department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

BIOGRAPHY

My Empress. By Madame Marfa Mouchanow. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York. $2.50.

This is no mere book of back-stairs gossip. True, it offers gossip and sharp-edged comment, not only on the members of the Russian Imperial family, but also on the members of the Russian Court. But it is also an account written by a woman who for a quarter of a century had been in close intimacy with the Empress Alexandra—an attempt to depict the Empress's character truly, with all its depressing limitations and yet with all its evident virtues. The book throws a vivid side-light on Russian life as it has latterly been lived by the Court circle and the nobles.

HISTORY, POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND POLITICS

Little That is Good (The). Stories of London and Glimpses of English Civilization. By Harold Begbie. Illustrated. Cassell & Co., Ltd., New York.

Harold Begbie has by his previous writings shown himself both familiar with the slums of London and sympathetic with the work which philanthropy is doing to eradicate this horrible blot from the greatest capital of the world. This, his latest volume, affords graphic pictures of life and character and demonstrates the capacity of the author to see the little that is good in men and women who are ignorant of conventional standards, but not indifferent to moral and spiritual values. No one can read this book without a new wrath against the social barbarism which makes the slum possible and without a new admiration for those who, inspired by a spirit of brotherhood, are endeavoring to make it impossible both by social reform from without and by personal reform from within.

Sea Power and Freedom. A Historical Study. By Gerard Fiennes. Introduction by Rear-Admiral Bradley Allen Fiske, U. S. N. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.

This is historically an extension of the field dealt with so notably well by Admiral Mahan in his famous "Influence of Sea Power upon History," for it goes back to 1660 and carries the story on also from 1783 forward. The author is no less emphatic than Admiral Mahan as to the vital importance of sea power. His book is devoted more largely to narrative than to argument. In an Introduction Admiral Fiske, of our Navy, pays a well-earned tribute to the efficiency and valor of the British navy in this war. Naturally, Mr. Fiennes's book is written from the British standpoint and with special attention to British achievement.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Cape Cod New and Old. By Agnes Edwards. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

Here are sketches, made with both pen and pencil, of a locality that once seen is always loved. A book that confirmed "Cape Codders," prospective summer visitors, and readers who like to travel by the guide-book route will find attractive.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Ethical Philosophy of Life (An). Presented in Its Main Outlines. By Felix Adler. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.

In the words of its venerable author, this volume "is nothing else than a book of spiritual self-discipline." He "records a philosophy of life growing out of the expe-

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The New Books (Continued)

rience of a lifetime." Life's supreme end is the ethical end. "Act so as to elicit the best in others and thereby in thyself" is the supreme ethical rule. Nobly has Dr. Adler lived up to it in word and in deed. Moreover, he affirms "an eternal divine life" containing and continuing "all that is best" in him and those dear to him. Not affirming immortality, he affirms the "real and irreducible existence of the essential self." Affirming the reality of "an infinite spiritual universe," he recognizes in it no center and head: "The One is an empty concept." He has "replaced the God-idea by that of a universe of spiritual beings interacting in infinite harmony;" "the solemn and serene assembly of the gods." Sheer polytheism this, however sublimated. Its fallacies are conspicuous.

Paul's Joy in Christ. Studies in Philippians. By A. T. Robertson, M.A., D.D., LL.D. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.

The eleven expository addresses in this volume have been given from Paul's Greek text before the Northfield Conference and many other assemblies and churches. The epistle is a love-letter. Dr. Robertson exhibits it as such and shows its joyousness and the charming traits of the heroic Apostle, and the stimulants of a winsome Christian life to-day. The expository character of the volume makes it a good popular commentary. That it is at all points up to the latest Biblical researches not every evangelical scholar will admit.

Prayer in War Time. By Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.

The sixteen papers in this volume were originally its author's editorials in the "British Weekly." They were written for the encouragement of British Christians in peculiarly trying sacrifices and sorrows during the earlier period of the war. They are equally appropriate and timely for Americans now similarly circumstanced, animated by the same heroic spirit, and needing the same encouragement and replenishing of moral strength as our British brethren in these days that try men's souls and test their faith in God.

Psychical Phenomena and the War. By Hereward Carrington, Ph.D. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

There is always an interest of curiosity in the discussion of such questions as that of survival after death or of special protection as the result of prayer. This book takes up these topics as well as the psychology of the soldier, the nature of German frightfulness, the stories of apparitions, and similar topics.

WAR BOOKS

Fighting Fleets (The). By Ralph D. Paine. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

Well written, well illustrated, well printed, this book presents a most readable account of thrilling experiences of American and British seamen in the present war. No better book of its kind has so far appeared. Americans read a great deal about the Army's doings, but the Navy's work is not "played up" so fully in the newspapers, and this book is therefore of the greater interest.

MISCELLANEOUS

Story of a Small College (The). By Isaac Sharpless. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia.

A readable and well-written account of the growth of Haverford College.

BOOKS THAT WILL LIVE

For sale at all Bookstores — Published by HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. — Boston and New York

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Readers of *The Outlook* will remember the stories of the Pennsylvania Mounted Police that appeared in its pages last spring. These stories, and many others on the same subject, have now been collected under the above title. For breadth and intensity of interest it would be hard to surpass these true tales of perilous adventure in the performance of duty. Illustrated. $1.50 *net.*

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THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

HOME BUILDING ROUTS "LABOR TURNOVER"

From the "American Builder"

Most plants hiring 2,000 men can well afford to set aside the sum of $100,000 to finance homes for their workmen, according to John Lind, of the N. L. M. A. This has been done at Kenosha, Wisconsin, where manufacturers made it possible for 180 workmen to build their own homes; at Akron, where 725 workmen's houses have been completed; and at Flint, Michigan, 138. At the same time, manufacturers have received 5 per cent interest on money thus advanced in financing workmen. The biggest leak on many balance-sheets drawn up at the close of the present financial year will be found to be "*labor turnover.*"

When Henry Ford, in 1913, learned that he lost $2,500,000 to keep a steady pay-roll of 13,000 men, he found it was because 52,445 men were hired, fitted, and fired. But when Henry Ford's working force was increased to 17,000 he saved $2,000,000 by having a labor turnover of 24 per cent instead of 400 per cent, as in 1913.

A Columbus, Ohio, corporation reports saving $120,000 in five years by reducing its labor turnover.

Twenty corporations engaged in metal trade manufacturing submitted reports on *labor turnover* for 1914. They hired 69,000 men to keep a force of 44,000 men employed. With a normal labor turnover they should have hired only 27,600 men to keep 44,000 men in steady employment, and thus 41,400 men were employed more than can be accounted for. This represents a total loss of $1,760,000, or an average of $88,000 for each of the twenty corporations referred to. The twenty corporations were from a selected list in the metal trade manufacturing business, and all but two worked every month in the year during the period of the investigation. The cost of labor turnover covers the expense of employing and instructing workmen, breakage of tools and machinery, spoiled work, and decreased production.

It is good business, not social philanthropy, that has led one corporation to reduce its labor turnover from 153 per cent to 33⅓ per cent, at the same time reducing manufacturing costs 10 per cent and increasing production 42 per cent.

Of a variety of methods employed in reducing the tremendous loss due to labor turnover, the one that arouses the sentiment of the workman the most keenly is his love of home. When the workman is his own landlord, he is a better workman than the tenant or "floater," and a better citizen as well.

In Next Week's Outlook

Do We Want to Bring Germany to Terms?

An Infallible and Civilized Weapon Which Might Be Used

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

Editor-in-Chief of the Paris "Matin" and Member of the French High Commission in the United States

The Story of the Tuckahoe

The Twenty-Seven-Day Ship

BY ALEXANDER H. BEARD

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